FOUR IN FAMILY

BY

FLORIDA P. SUMERWELL

Mildred Mallory.
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The Story of How We Look From Where The Dog Sits

By

FLORIDA POPE SUMERWELL

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND DECORATIONS BY
GEORGE KERR

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TO ALL GOOD LOVERS OF DOGS THIS
BOOK IS DEDICATED IN CORDIAL
COMRADESHIP BY ONE OF THEM

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FOUR IN FAMILY

"Dogs is Dogs"

I

THE LAMB PERSON

I GUESS you never were a lamb person. I never knew any one who had been but me. It's very pleasant, especially if you are only a month old and have just been taken away from your mother.

The way it happened was this. A colored boy took me and my brother in a basket to a house where a black woman sat in a white dress. She told the boy to wait, because "they was at dinner." She and the boy talked and my brother slept, but I

wanted to know, so I climbed up on the side of the basket and howled, not a very loud howl, but just enough to let people know I was there.

In a minute I heard a rustle and a white woman in a black dress came in. There was another one with her, only smaller, so I decided she must be the white woman's puppy—I liked her. She always made you feel that she was wagging her tail. Poor thing, I found out afterward that she didn't have one, but if she had I know she would have wagged it all the time.

She took my brother, and the white woman took me into another room, where a man with a shiny top sat eating cake. The white woman put me on the table and the shiny man laughed, "Haw, haw." Then the pup put my brother on, too, and the shiny man laughed, "Haw, haw,"

again. "Which one?" he asked, and the pup said to keep my brother. They put us on the floor and brother whined and went to sleep, but I *wanted to know,* so I took a corner of the table-cloth and pulled and growled. Then the shiny man laughed, "Haw, haw, haw," and said, "Look at the little rat." The pup said, "Oh, father, look at mine," and he did look and said he was "a buster and no mistake."

Then the white woman took me up under her chin. "But, Sam, look at mine; he is *his mother's lamb person.*" The shiny man laughed again. "Of course, that makes all the difference in the world. 'A lamb person' is something no lady should be without." She made a face at him and told me in confidence that she had to put up with his rudeness because she was

financially embarrassed and was hoping he would buy me. He said that when I knew her better, I would find that financial embarrassment was her chronic state.

He took a coin out of his pocket and said, "Heads—lamb person; tails—the slob." He threw it up and when it fell it was tails up, but the white woman said she hadn't agreed and they would keep me, so I cuddled under her chin and the shiny man laughed, "Haw, haw," and gave the boy some money and that was how I began to be a lamb person.

The first night was awful. They put me in a box and went to bed and left me. I could see out, but I couldn't get out, and I *wanted to know,* so I howled and howled, and after a while I scrambled out and found a nice corner on the bare floor where I slept in peace.

They fed me lovely puppy cakes and soup and carrots and all things healthy for youngsters. The only trouble was that I never got enough. They gave it to me in a little dish, and every time the white woman fixed my food she hammered the cakes to bits on the corner of the sink. It was very misleading. Of course I thought every time any one hammered it was time to eat. I know I walked a thousand miles around the table while the cook was beating biscuits, but I never got a crumb. One day a carpenter came and did something to the sink. He hammered and I wagged my tail and smiled. Then he hammered some more, and I wagged again. It went on half a day and do you think he gave me a morsel? Not he—my tail was tired for a week.

There was a warm corner by the stove

and I used to cuddle in it all day and sleep. Then the white woman would come and take me in to see company and they'd say I was cute and a darling, but every one said I was dirty. The white woman didn't care. She sat me up in her lap and asked me if I didn't think they were rude to a lamb person, when he was doing his best to be polite in his own house.

I was very sleepy most of the time, and I licked her hands and went to sleep up under her chin. We were very congenial, and I liked her nearly as much as I did my mother. I thought if I could see her chase a cat once I'd know surely which one I liked best, but she seemed to have no proper ideas at all about cats. I have even seen her stroke one. Ugh, it made my hair bristle all over my neck.

The day before I left my mother, I had a long talk with her. She told me that I was a thoroughbred bull terrier, and that I was pure white all over with a very handsome smudge on my nose. She said I would have to live up to the smudge, as it made me a fine dog. She went on to tell me how I must love and obey my owners, never steal from any one I knew, not to fight little dogs and to try not to hate cats. Her breath came short when she said it, and I could feel her body quiver, but she wanted me to understand that the breeders were trying to "eradicate these primitive prejudices." Just then a gray cat put her nose into our box and with one bound my mother shook us off and went for that cat.

That was my first taste of real sport. My brothers and sisters went to sleep, but

I *wanted to know,* so I stood up on the side of the box and barked "yip, yip" just to encourage my mother. My tail stuck out and the hair on my neck stood up like a clothes-brush. In fact when I first saw a clothes-brush I supposed it had just seen a cat—but I was telling about the fight.

Mother chased her in a circle, then got her up against the house and caught her. My! My! it was fine. She shook her like a sack and beat her up and down. Then she'd let her go a little and jump on her again and lam her against the ground till I was in ecstasy. After a while mother got tired and killed her good and dead, and came back with her nose all bloody. I was so pleased it made me sassy and I grinned at mother and asked, "What were you saying about primitive prejudices?" She slapped me clear across the box, but

I didn't care. I made up my mind that some day I would kill a cat, a big cat—smudge or no smudge. You can see now how hard it would be for the white woman to live up to the standard set by my mother.

The week after I came, the family expected company, so the white woman put on a long apron and got some laundry soap and carried me up to the bath-room. She wet the soap and rubbed it all over me. I didn't mind that. I tried to bite her fingers and we had a good time, but when I was all soapy she put me down in the water. It nearly scared me into fits. She rubbed me and scrubbed me, and the pup came and helped to hold me, and I wished I was dead and I forgot that bull terriers never whined, and I whined and whined.

It was over at last and she wrapped me

up and sat by the fire till I stopped shivering, then she held me up before the mirror, and it was just as my mother said. I was all pure white with a black nose. She told me that I was a beautiful thing and a lamb person and that my name was Bosco. This surprised me, but I was so sleepy I just burrowed under her arm and went to sleep.

I was always hungry. There was a pleasant-smelling can in the back yard where the black woman put lots of good things, but she would never give me a taste. It sat up on a box and I couldn't reach it, but I was growing and I knew that before long I was going to have one square meal. One day the white woman went to town and the black woman came out with some delicacies for the pail, when a friend called her. She set the dish on the ground and went to the fence. My! oh,

my! there was pie and lemon peel and meat (ham, I think) and cold slaw and coffee grounds. I ate it all. It was a rapturous time. When she came back she called me a greedy thing, and said, "I 'speck I's goin' to catch it now for sure."

We went into the kitchen and I lay down, but I wanted to get up. When I was up I wanted to lie down. Inside I felt like I'd swallowed a high wind, everything seemed so upset. I felt like something awful was going to happen, and it did. The black woman put me out of doors and I lay in a corner and groaned till the white woman came. She said it served us both right, and took me upstairs. I didn't even bite her fingers, and just lay still. She said she thought I'd better have pie often if it made me so quiet. I didn't care. I was so glad to be a lamb person again that nothing mattered.

II

THE POWER OF PRAYER

I WAS growing very fast, but sometimes I got lonely for some one to play with me. One moonlight night I came round to the front of the house and found a long row of pansies. They had such saucy faces that I stepped up to make friends. They hadn't the first idea how to play, so I taught them. I'd take a mouthful of them and growl and throw myself backward and the pansy and I would roll over together. It was great fun, but I didn't want to hurt any one's feelings and I pulled them all up. Every one.

It took me nearly all night, and when daylight came I began to feel quite nervous. I wondered what the white woman would think. You see we didn't always think alike. It was very uncomfortable, so I crawled back under the veranda. It was almost providential that I did, because very soon she came out—gracious, she was mad. I never saw a wet hen, but if it could get madder than the white woman I don't want to meet one. The shiny man came out and asked if she would like another lamb person for her birthday.

"If you are going to talk like an idiot, you may go down-town." Then the pup came out and looked so pleasant I almost wept. "Oh, muzzer," she cried, "he's so little. I know he's sorry."

"He'll be sorrier still when I get him." I crawled back in the dark and hid. The

black woman came around from the kitchen. She had a broom in her hand. "He certainly do need to be whipped, Miss Lacy; he's plum' sp'iled, that dog is. He just needs the life hammered out of him. That's what he needs."

"If you can crawl under the house and get him, I'll whip him; but if you can't, you can go in the house and mind your own business."

"Yessum," and the black woman went in the house.

The white woman began to plant the pansies, and I felt so lonely I nearly died. I crawled over to the hole I had used to get under the porch and looked as pleasant as I could. She didn't seem to see me and I groaned. She looked at me and I wagged my tail. She frowned and I wagged some more.

"I guess you think I love you." I started to crawl out. "But you are a bad, bad dog and I don't love you." I wriggled back.

"Muzzer, he's hungry." The pup put her arm around her mother's neck and acted like a lamb person herself. I stuck my head out of the hole and tried to catch the white woman's eye. She looked at me a minute and I sat up and begged. She laughed out loud and I threw myself upon her and we licked each other, I mean I did, and then we all went around to see the black woman, and I had a bone.

Soon after that we went to the sea-shore and I grew up. I don't think much of the sea-shore. People who don't have to do it, go in the water every day, and it makes me sick. I got big and strong, and my legs and back were all springs. They taught me a lot of tricks. I hated to pray the

most, but I learned all right, though I never would do it if I could help it. The shiny man looked at the white woman when I wouldn't pray and said it was a plain case of heredity.

She leaned her cheek on my head and told me that nothing but her low financial state made her stand the things he said. He laughed, "Haw, haw," and asked, "What, again?" She looked the other way, and said she was a broken woman and thought she "must have lost some of it this time." He suggested that she might find it in the little shops along the Boardwalk. I couldn't see why the white woman had such trouble keeping her money. I wanted to suggest to her to bury it like I did my bones, but I couldn't make her understand.

We came home when the weather was

getting cold. The white woman and the blac one cleaned the house, and the shiny man's mother fixed the billiard-room up as a den for his birthday. It was lovely, with a green carpet and lots of books. Once I ate a book, but the shiny man said down deep, "Here, you brute, come out of that." I came out, and he certainly had a heavy hand. I have never cared for books since then.

After the house was all clean the white woman went shopping. The black woman was making jelly, and I lay in the hall dozing when right through the front door walked a large black cat. One with green eyes and a long tail—just such a cat as I would have selected. She arched her back and spit as soon as she saw me, and I bristled and snarled and got ready to jump, when she slipped by me and ran up-stairs.

I was there to protect the white woman's home, so I rushed after the cat, determined to see that no harm came to anything under my care.

Ah, dear! it didn't turn out at all as I wanted it to do, but I know my intentions were the very best. If the cat had gone down in the cellar, where things didn't break so easily, I feel sure my family would have a much higher opinion of me than they now have. It wasn't my fault that she jumped on the dressing-table where all the white woman's knick-knacks were littered around. I jumped after her and I must say a good many things fell off and broke. The mirror struck a chair, and there were bottles and brushes and lots of stuff. There really was no room for a dog, so as soon as the cat jumped off I followed. She went up

on the mantel and I sailed after her. I couldn't get quite up, but I caught her tail and swung all my weight on it.

What do you think happened next? The glass beyond the mantel leaned over so I could see myself, and then it fell and split all to pieces. It was a wonder I got away unhurt, but the cat lit out for the third floor and I went too. I wasn't thinking very much about protecting anything now. I just wanted to get the cat and kill her a few times, and then go out for a walk before the family came home. In all the fun and excitement, I still felt the most curious nervousness about the family. It was worse than when I taught the pansies to play.

The cat made a bee-line for the new den and I tore after her, upsetting everything I passed. She leaped on the table

and I was up nearly as soon as she was. There was a pint bottle of ink which went over as quickly as I touched it. She flew for the closet and I took a short cut under the table. All the ink in the bottle poured over me as I came out, but the cat was on the closet shelf spitting and making faces at me.

I shook the ink off my back and made a lunge. She saw me coming and backed out of sight, but when I fell I brought down a lovely plaything, a new white chiffon dress. I never played with one before, but I would recommend it to anybody with a playful disposition. I took up great mouthfuls and when I bit down on it there was nothing there. It was soft and slippery and pulled, and I tore it all to bits. Then I got it all off the silk lining and ran around the room with it. I

rolled in it and got some more ink off my back. After that I made it into a ball and jumped on it and growled.

I was fearfully tired and I must have gone to sleep, for I waked up when I heard the white woman coming in the front door. I ran and put my plaything in the closet and pushed the door shut, then I went up in the corner and sat down. I was very uncomfortable. You see I couldn't tell them that the cat had done it all, and I felt pretty sure that they would blame me. I hate to be blamed at any time, but to have to stand for the wrong-doing of a cat was very depressing.

The white woman came up to her room and stopped. Then she said, "For Heaven's sake! Annie, Ann—ie, come up here at once and tell me what this means!"

The black woman came running and

then she stopped. She said she had been in the laundry and hadn't heard a word, but of course it was Bosco. "He was so plum' sp'ilin' for a whippin', he'd tear the house down next." This hurt my feelings so that I groaned and they came running up to the new den. I really thought the white woman was going to explode. I never saw any one so mad. "I wouldn't mind, so much," she said, "if his mother hadn't fixed the room. What will she think of me?"

"She's gwine to think you is a mighty po' excuse, Miss Lacy. She sho' is!"

"Ah, well," snapped the white woman, "she always has, anyway, so she won't have to change her opinion much."

"No, ma'am, she ain't goin' to like you no better for this. You knows that. What's that dirty rag under the closet

do'?" I crawled so close in the corner I almost stood on my head. The white woman opened the door and gave one shriek.

"Oh, Annie, my brand-new white dress! Oh, what will I do? It isn't paid for. I haven't even worn it. What can I do? What can I do?"

"You can't do nothin' to the dress, it's done sp'iled, but you can beat that low-down Bosco to death. That's what you ought to do. You is a mighty nice lady, but you don't whip nobody like they ought to be whipped. He is just so uppity he thinks he owns the place, and you just got to git to work and kill him. It's the only way you ever kin teach him to behave hisself. I jest wish you'd let me do it. I wouldn't leave a hair on his hide."

I felt positively faint. The white

woman stood up and took off her slipper. I doubled up against the wall and tried to swallow myself. "Bosco, come here!" Her voice was awful. Just like the dog-catcher before I got my license. I didn't come. I really could not.

"Bosco, come here at once!" I didn't budge. The voice froze my blood.

"Come, you brute, or I'll come over there, and then—" I started to crawl to her. I couldn't look at her and I dragged myself toward her very slowly. Just as she laid her hand on my collar I had the inspiration of my life. I sat up on my haunches, folded my paws over my nose and prayed. My, how I did pray! The white woman took her hand away from my collar and the black woman said:

"Fo' the land's sake! Look at that!"

The white woman took my collar again, and lifting the slipper said, "I'll whip you just the same, because you are a wretched beast and have spoiled everything." Before she could hit me the black woman broke in.

"Don't you do it, Miss Lacy, honey. You mustn't do it. He ain't nothin' but a po' dumb beas' and he didn't know no better. 'Sides that, he's er prayin', and nobody can't do no more than pray. You knows yo'self that hit's mighty easy to stray from the right way, but ef you whip that po' dog you is goin' to have a jedgment sent on you. That's what you is, sho' 'nuff."

I opened one eye and looked at the white woman, but she still looked awfully mad. My tail was numb from sitting on it, but it was no time to stint myself on

prayers, so I shut my eyes tight and sat up and groaned horribly. I heard her catch her breath, then she sat down on the floor and began to cry. I rushed into her lap and licked her face, but she still cried. She needn't have kept on crying. I forgave her at once. She had never chased a cat in her life, and of course couldn't understand.

Annie came and patted her head and said she was her mammy's baby, but she kept on crying. Then I tore down to the back yard and got a bone. It had been buried a week and was very choice. I took it up-stairs and laid it in her lap and stepped back to see her enjoy herself. She didn't take it, but she laughed and laughed and laughed.

"Take the horrible thing away, Annie; but wasn't he smart to do it?"

"Yessum, that's a powerful fine dog, and we is mighty lucky to have him."

I climbed into the white woman's lap again and she held me close and I put my head up under her chin, and was a lamb person for a long time. Then we all went to work and cleaned up. Fresh milk took all the ink out of the carpet and we put a big picture up behind the mantel. It didn't take long and I liked it better.

When everything was done the black woman and I went down to the kitchen. She sat in a chair and I sat on the floor in front of her. I put my head on one side and winked slowly with my left eye; she said:

"Go 'way from here, you sassy dog. No winkin' at me—a settled woman. You is scan'lous. That's what you is. Scan-'lous."

III

EXIT THE BLACK WOMAN

THE white woman says that she and the shiny man did not fight, and I must always believe what she says, but if they had been dogs, it would have been a fight, and a good one at that. I should say (if they had fought) that the shiny man went off growling with his tail between his legs—but they aren't dogs, so, of course—?

It happened on Sunday morning, and he was hungry. He often is, but we usually feed him first and enjoy him afterward. This time the black woman was

late, and the shiny man went out to bathe. I jumped up on the bed where he had left it all warm and barbershoppy, to play with the white woman. We usually have great romps, but she wasn't very nice and wouldn't let me pull her hair.

The shiny man came back, and as soon as he reached the door she pretended to be asleep. I knew she wasn't, but I wouldn't tell, so I shut one eye very tight and the other a little tight, and lay still.

"Lacy," he said, "has Annie come in?"

She never said a word, so he barked—I mean he spoke a little louder, *"Lacy,* has Annie come in? It's half-past eight and I want my breakfast."

"You always do want your breakfast, or your luncheon or your dinner, but you will have to wait till it is ready. I don't keep it under my pillow."

He looked like he was going to say something bad and I growled down deep, just to encourage him, but he didn't say it, he just nagged. I mean the white woman says he just nagged.

"Lacy, you ought to have some system about your housekeeping. You let your servants run over you. I actually believe you are afraid of Annie. She ought to be disciplined."

"I can't discipline her when she is not here, Sam, and, besides, I am sleepy. Every day in the week it is a scramble to get you fed in time for the train, and this is Sunday, and I am going to rest. Eat Bosco if you can't control yourself, but *please* let me alone."

"But, Lacy, you are begging the question. You ought to have more system.

You ought to have a time set for them to come home."

"I do, Sam, but they don't come."

Just then the kitchen door opened and shut with a smash, and I knew that the black woman was down-stairs. The white woman lay down and seemed quite pleased and I cuddled up and licked her face and began to enjoy myself when the shiny man said, "Do you mean to go to sleep and not correct her? If you don't, I *shall!*"

The white woman got up and slipped on a wrapper. I didn't see what made him so mad. All she said was, "From battle, murder, and hungry men, good Lord, deliver us!" But he nearly had a fit.

She went down the back stairs and opened the kitchen door. The black

woman was beating the stove in the mouth and seemed madder than any one.

"Annie, what does this mean? What are you thinking about to come home at any such disgraceful hour as this? I can not allow it and I am most displeased."

The black woman's hat was over one eye and she waved like the wind was blowing. She could talk better than she could stand.

"I come just the fust minute I could. I got a turrible misery in my side and you knows I don't feel like workin' when I has a misery. Go on up-stairs and lemme be."

"*No,* I *won't* go up-stairs. I want you to understand once for all that this must stop. Mr. Sam is furious."

"Of co'se, and he's goin' to stay furious till he gits somethin' to eat. Here I has wore myself out, tryin' to git a lady to fix

breakfus, 'cause I got this misery, and now you is cuttin' up."

"Annie, hush; I will not allow you to—"

"Who wants to do anythin' but jest git breakfus? I can't do nothin' with you under my foots. Go on up-stairs where you belongs. I can have it all done while you is quoilin'."

"No, you won't ever get another breakfast in my house. Mr. Sam will pay you, and you can go at once. You are intoxicated, and I don't want another word."

"What's that you done call me? I ain't no sech a thin'. I'm a settled married woman."

I enjoyed myself intensely. Miss Lacy had not noticed that I had eaten a large slice out of her nightgown, and when we went up-stairs she was too excited to care.

The shiny man met us and asked, "Did you settle her, and is breakfast almost ready?"

"Oh, yes, I settled her. She is packing to go. I'll get breakfast."

"Oh, Lacy dear, you mustn't. Why, she can't leave you on Sunday. I'll take her in hand. You just go back to bed and I'll straighten her out in about three shakes of a sheep's tail."

"No, you won't. You wanted discipline, and we've got it. Just pay her her wages and I'll be down as soon as I can dress. Where *are* my stockings?"

I had taken them out of doors early, and the dog across the street said they were the finest things to pull he had ever seen.

Getting breakfast was hard, because none of us knew where to find anything.

When the flour was sifted for the biscuits no one had an idea where the yeast powder was, and when the biscuits were made we couldn't find the potato knife. The shiny man thought we should have a place for things and the white woman said she had, but that the first thing a cook always did was to put everything somewhere else.

Somebody left the refrigerator door open, and how was I to know that the meat on the bottom shelf was for breakfast? Annie always kept the door shut and no one ever told me not to take it, but they whipped me just as hard as though I had known. Maybe I did a little, but anyway it was the best meal I ever had.

When breakfast was ready it was ten o'clock, and the shiny man was so sad it would have broken your heart. After they all had finished there was one egg

left on the platter, and the shiny man said he ought to have it because he had carried it home, but the white woman said it was hers because she had cooked it. The pup thought it ought to come to her because she was the youngest. The man said they would draw for it, and they all went over to the window while he tore some strips of paper. I jumped in his chair and put my paws on the table and ate the egg myself. I only did it to save them the trouble of deciding, but they never seem to understand my motives.

When they were washing the dishes, the pup said, "Oh, muzzer, don't you remember that the Peeks and Osborns are coming to tea to-night?"

"For mercy's sake! So they are. Well, isn't that the limit? There's one thing certain, I can't get tea and dinner both. I'm

nearly dead now. I'll tell you what we'll do. We will just have a light luncheon at noon, and then I'll get a beautiful tea with deviled crabs and salad and all sorts of goodies."

"That will be fine, won't it, father?"

"Y—es, oh, yes."

I didn't think he was really as pleased as the others, but of course I only judged by the way he looked. He and I went down town while they cleaned up and he bought some fruit and ate it behind the livery stable. I wasn't hungry, but I think I was the only one who had eaten all he could hold.

We had luncheon in the kitchen because the table was set for tea with candles and a lot of silly things you couldn't eat. There was a large plate full of sandwiches and cups of hot tea. I had a sand-

wich, but the tea burned my nose. It might have cooled, but I heard them coming and had to jump down. I don't think much of tea.

When they had finished, the shiny man asked if that was all and started up-stairs, when the white woman said that somebody would have to wash Bosco.

"He is filthy, and I can't have company see him look like he does now. The Osborns aren't fond of dogs anyway, so he must be clean. I washed him last week and the week before, so, Sammy dear, you do it this once. I must rest a little."

The shiny man sat around till they went up-stairs, then he got a bottle of milk and a loaf of bread and ate it all up. Afterward, he hid the bottle in the coal bin, and turned the water on in the laundry to wash me. I hate to be washed and they

all know it, and they wash me and scrub me all the time. Just let me get a fine doggy smell about me and somebody comes and begins to soap me. As soon as I was all slippery and wet I jumped out of the tub and through the window. There is a row of day lilies along the back fence. They are absolutely no good, because as soon as the sun sets they swallow their heads.

I ran at them and rolled over and over to get the water out of my eyes. I mashed them all flat, and began to feel very happy when the shiny man caught me. Spanks on a wet dog are very painful, but to have another bath was too much. I broke away again and rolled in the coal till I was black, then I tore up-stairs and hopped on the pup's pink bed. It looked very nice and I turned around three times

and dug a hole and went to sleep. Nobody found me till I was dry, and I had to stay in the cellar, but I ate up a bath towel and the shiny man's belt and felt better.

The next morning the shiny man waked the white woman and told her that it was time to get breakfast.

"Oh, Sam, it can't be! Why, I have only got to sleep."

"Sorry, but it's six-thirty and I am particularly anxious to catch that eight—"

"Oh, *don't!* I know that train by heart. The eight-ten is simply burned on my brain."

We went down-stairs and the stove was out. The white woman poked it feebly, but anybody could see that she was afraid it would bite her. When the black woman was in a hurry she would catch that stove by the tail and shake it till its teeth rattled.

Then she would tear off the top of its head and throw a bucket of coals right in on its red bones. After that she would jerk its mouth open and give its tail another twist, and I tell you it helped with the meals till it was red in the face.

Nothing went right; days passed and we couldn't get a cook. We quit using finger-bowls and butter-plates and the white woman wore the same dress all day. If any one asked for anything that wasn't on the table everybody got mad. The shiny man was hungry and cross, and the white woman was tired and cross, and the pup didn't want to help and she was cross, and they all kicked me. I certainly did wish the black woman would come back.

Sunday we went to the Country Club for dinner, and in the afternoon the shiny

man and I and some friends went into a queer-smelling room, where the men all had glasses in their hands. Every one got a glass but me, and it was very lonesome. I climbed up and sniffed and begged and they all laughed, "Haw, haw, ho, ho," and said I would live to thank them. It was too bad, I did so want a taste. Of course I didn't know exactly what it was, but it smelled like the sideboard when men friends came, and I liked that smell particularly. At last Mr. Carver set his glass on the floor and went to answer the telephone. It was quite full and I drank it all. I may have broken the glass, but I don't remember very clearly. I felt so big and sleepy I went up in a corner and had a nap. After a while the shiny man called me, and I wanted to go, but I didn't have any legs. There they were, but I

couldn't use them. When I tried to get up I spread out just like the time the black woman spilled coal oil on the kitchen floor.

The men all laughed and slapped one another on the back and said, "Well, by Jove, he's stewed. As sure as a gun the dog's stewed. Will you look at that? He can't carry it any better than old Carver himself."

I felt so pleasant I just smiled and smiled and smiled, and the more I'd smile the louder they would laugh. Then the white woman came to the door, and I tried to get up and fell back again, and not a soul even smiled. The men seemed to shrivel up, and they all looked out of the window, and Carver actually jumped out. One man said it was just like Carver to beat it when they were all in so bad. Her

voice was just like when the pipes in the pantry were frozen.

"Sam, if you'll give me the dog, I'll take him home."

"I didn't do it, Lacy, I hadn't a thing to do with it." He picked me up and they came out to the carriage. The white woman did not seem to know the shiny man at all, and she took me on her lap and told the driver to go home.

"Lacy, dear, you surely don't think I did it, do you?"

"No, of course not; but oh, Sam, you laughed when the poor little fellow was suffering and it nearly broke my heart."

"He isn't suffering the least bit. Honestly he isn't. He is perfectly happy. To-morrow he'll have a fuzzy tongue and an awful head, but he's happy now, don't you fret."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, I—well, before we were married —what I mean, my love, is that Carver told me."

"I don't like Carver, Sammy, I hate for you to go with him. You are such a good man I'd hate for any one to think you were like him."

The shiny man and I looked at each other and laughed behind our whiskers, because we knew there were some things the white woman would never know, and couldn't understand if she did.

I don't think I should have got sick if we had gone straight home, but the horse and carriage and even the road kept jumping up and down, and of course—but I felt better afterward.

The next day we decided to go to the hotel for dinner. The white woman and

the pup got out their clean clothes, and washed me. Every time I start to enjoy myself somebody spoils it all by washing me. When I get to Heaven I am going to smell around, and if there is any soap I don't think I'll stay.

We went up the street a couple of blocks and there was the black woman. The white woman didn't see her, but I did. I simply hurled myself upon her and licked everything I could reach. The white woman looked the other way and kept pulling my leash, but the pup came and took her hand and said, "How are you, Annie, dear?"

"Lordy, chile, I's as peart as paint. Ain't yo' ma goin' to speak?"

The white woman looked very tall, but she said, "How do you do?"

"I was jest comin' down to see if you

was willin' to take me back. Has you got a girl?"

"I have one engaged (the pup and I winked at each other), but if you are willing to behave yourself I'll take you."

"Yessum, I is. You see, that was a accident. I got so cold sittin' up wid Brudder Jackson's corpse I jest nachally took too much, but 'twon't never happen again, and, Miss Lacy, if it do, you jest stay upstairs and don't rile me."

"When do you want to come?"

"I's goin' now. Is there anythin' for dinner?"

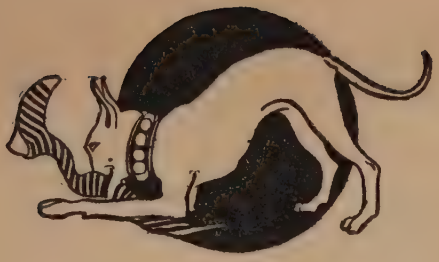
The white woman turned red. "Well, no," she said; "you see we were going to the hotel."

"Po' Mr. Sam. How high is dat sun? I'll go to the sto' and git somethin's. I suttinly is goin' to fill Mr. Sam plum'

full. Go on and come home when you wants to. I'll be ready."

I sat in the street and tried to decide where to go. The white woman and the pup looked very nice in white dresses with roses in their hats. They smelled of soap and sachet powder and cleanness. Annie wasn't all pinched in the middle like Miss Lacy, but was what I consider a fine figure of a woman. The same size all the way down, with a mingled odor of beefsteak and ironing boards and old shoes that was simply irresistible.

I looked at one and at the other, but after all, the finest thing in life is to know exactly where the next meal is coming from, so—I followed the black woman.



IV

LADIES TO CALL

THE white woman and I take a nap every afternoon, when there isn't a party, and sometimes when there— Oh! I forgot, she always says I mustn't tell.

After lunch, when the pup has gone back to school, we sit in a big chair in the library, and Annie goes to breaking—to washing dishes, and everything is very still. Then the white woman looks in a foolish book, with no taste to it, and says, "Oh, Bosco Luso, your mother hates parties; let's go to sleep and send our card to

the party. Shall we?" I always lick her when she says that because I hate parties too. I never went to one.

She puts her card in an envelope, and when the postman whistles I take it out and get patted and bring in the mail, and if it's bills the white woman says, "How can you encourage them?" and throws them in the fire. If it's letters, she hugs me and reads them aloud, and then we go up-stairs and pull down the shades, and put on a wrapper and lay all our hair and combs on the dresser.

I always cuddle in the bend of her knees, but sometimes I crawl up to her chin, and she says, "Go back, Bosco, this is clean clothes." I can't quite understand about clean clothes. When she and the pup are dressed for dinner and don't want me in their laps, they always say, "Clean

clothes." I guess everything I can't do is clean clothes. When I wanted to bite Annie's nephew, who was shockingly dirty (that's why I wanted to), the white woman grabbed me up in her arms and beat me and said, "No, no, you mustn't bite the little boy; he's clean clothes." But he wasn't. I almost had him and I know.

We went to sleep nicely and I dreamed I was chasing a buffalo and barked so loud she waked me up and said if I didn't behave she would have to sleep on the floor. Then the bell rang, and we both crawled under the covers and shut our eyes tight. Annie came up the steps and knocked at the door, but we didn't say a word. She came in and said, "Miss Lacy, here's some cards of some ladies to call on you."

The white woman looked at her and asked:

"Did you tell 'em that I was out?"

"No'm, I didn't, 'cause you's in."

"Oh, well, you know what I mean. Have they gone?"

"No'm, they ain't gone. They's sittin' in the parlor."

"Mercy! Well, Annie, just run down and tell them that I have a splitting headache."

"Miss Lacy, you ain't got no headache. You ain't never had one, since you was bawn."

"Oh, well, I may be going to have one. I feel very queer. I feel sure I am going to be sick if I get up out of this warm bed. Run on, Annie, it isn't polite to keep them."

"No, Miss Lacy, I ain't goin' to tell no more stories. I got j'ined to this here Nawthern Church on Sunday and it's

powerful strict. 'Tain't no paths of pleasantness like we had at home. You can't lie nor steal neither in this church."

"Oh, well, if you want to be hateful, you can go down-stairs and fix tea; but if I get sick, you know what Mr. Sam is going to do to you."

"I ain't 'fraid of no Mr. Sam. 'Sides that, you ain't never been sick, and gittin' out of bed never made nobody sick yet. Hurry up now, honey, and I'll make them little sandwiches what you love."

We got up and the white woman threw on a long black dress and gave her hair a twist, stuck a silver bow in and we went down. I always carry her dress in my mouth. It is a great help, and I hardly ever tear it (of course—if I fall, but accidents happen to every one).

She smiled in and shook hands and said,

"This is a real pleasure," and they said they had meant to come and she said she had quite made up her mind that they never would come. And I went back upstairs. It was very dull. I went in Annie's room and licked all the paint off the new picture of her husband, but it wasn't nice, and I came back to the white woman's room and jumped on the bed. I looked around for something to amuse me, and there on the dresser was the long piece of hair she usually pins on top. Oh! Oh! Oh! I am never allowed even to smell it, and here I was alone and a chair in front of the dresser. It seemed too good to be true. I always meant to take it to her. I really did, and if I played with it a very little, can any one show me a mortal dog who would have done less?

I hopped into the chair and reached up

and grabbed it. My, it was long like a horse's tail and soft like a cat, and when I pulled, it ran through my teeth, and I almost died of joy. I shall always insist that I only ran round the room with it once. It did get rather dusty, but how was I to know that Annie leaves dust under the beds? Then I took it up to the store-room where I have a few things hidden in a hole behind the mahogany wardrobe. I keep the evening vest of the young man next door up there, and some other little things I have got from the neighbors.

The vest is a great pleasure to me, although I never really meant to steal it. You see there is no fence between the two yards and I was quite young. It was on the line one day. The white woman saw that I was interested and she got a switch and looked very firm and told

me not to touch it. As long as she stayed out of doors I knew I shouldn't do anything to it, but she went inside and just the minute her back was turned that vest began to insult me. It would wave around slowly and wink its buttons at me. Then it would give itself a flirt and jump right over the clothes-line. I can't jump that high to save my soul, and to see that vest, without legs or even a tail, sailing over, was perfectly unbearable. I did try. I went off by the grape-vines and dug up a fine old bone and ate it, but out of the tail of my eye I could still see that idiotic vest.

After a while I went and laid down under it just to see how it could jump so easily, and do you know, it showed its gums, in four pockets at once, and jiggled and winked and shrugged at me till my blood boiled. It got so gay that one

clothes-pin dropped, and it hung 'way down on one side. I gave a quick look around the yard. No one was looking and I grabbed it and ran through the cellar, up the back stairs, to my playhouse, and there it has been ever since. The white woman said she knew I had taken it, because I always looked so exactly like I hadn't.

The hair looked perfectly lovely on top of a riding boot, and I afterward wished that I had left it up there, but I never steal from the white woman. I brought it down and it seemed very dusty, so I tore through the hall with it sailing behind me in the most delightful way. The floor had been oiled and you would think that would have taken off some of the dust, but it didn't help at all, and I thought perhaps I had better take it to the white

woman and see what she could do. It worried me a good deal, because I never meant to hurt it at all, only just to give it a little healthy exercise and then to put it back.

I would like to take the young man's vest home, but it has changed so since I saw it laughing and shaking itself on the clothes-line, I don't believe they would care for it. I don't care much for buttons, but I have eaten them all off. It is such fun to put your feet on it and catch a button and pull till it comes off with a rip and a tear.

Well, I finally made up my mind to take the hair down-stairs, but there couldn't be much harm in running around a few more rooms on the way, so I did, just a little, and in the sewing-room I must say there were a lot of threads that

didn't improve it. I walked into the parlor and sat up in front of the white woman with it in my mouth. She didn't see me, but the ladies did, and I thought they were choking. The white woman looked around and saw me, and turned as red as Annie's new dress. She went right on talking, but put out her foot and kicked it under her dress. She gave me the most awful look and the ladies to call put their handkerchiefs to their faces and coughed quite hard.

Annie came in with tea and the white woman served it and kept on talking, and the ladies drank it and choked, and said to excuse them it was so hot, and very soon they rose to go, and the white woman kicked the hair under her chair and came to the door and said they must not let it be so long before they came again. They said

no, indeed; they would come again very soon; that they had never enjoyed an afternoon more. Then they coughed so hard they couldn't talk and started out.

I ran out of the back door and walked a little way with them. I always do with company, and they like me and talk to me, but these ladies didn't notice me. They were choking and laughing in the silliest way, and one of them said, "Do you suppose she ever wore that awful stuff on her head?" The other one laughed so hard she couldn't talk, but after a while she said, "Did you see her face when she discovered it?"

"Of course I did, but did you ever see such nerve as she had, to go on talking as if nothing had happened? I don't care for so much self-possession myself."

"I don't, either. You never get really

close to a woman like that. She has very charming manners, but she really isn't my style."

"Nor mine. She's a woman you could never tell your whole soul to, as I can to you."

I didn't care much for them, so I trotted home. There were little sandwiches, and I went in the parlor to get some, but the white woman met me at the door. Sometimes I wish I lived in a cave by myself. I wished so that day. She caught me by the collar and jerked me into the room. Then she got the hair and showed it to me and made me smell it, and I sneezed, it was so dusty. After that she held me and beat me in the face with it till my nose hurt. Then she tied it around my neck and made me sit in the corner. After a while she took it out in the kitchen

and opened the stove and dropped it in and burned it up.

You can imagine my feelings! To think of the years I could have played with it, if I had only left it up in the storeroom. I was positively faint. There never was such a plaything in this world, and to have it cooked in the stove, right before my eyes, was too much. I slunk up-stairs and crawled into my hole and went to sleep.

Suppertime came, but I was too miserable to eat, so I just chewed the vest and caught a couple of silly little mice that kept peeping at me, and stayed by myself and moped.

After a while the whole family began to call me. The pup came into the room, but I never let on, and she went down-stairs.

I heard the white woman say, "I wish

we could find him, because Sam has gone to Philadelphia and I'm afraid in the house alone."

I sulked and slept until long after the house was still, and then all at once I knew something was wrong. Annie's door was open and you could hear her sleeping, all over the house. I came out in the hall and every hair on my back was standing up. I went down to the next floor on my toes. The white woman's door was shut and the pup was sleeping with her. Down-stairs there was a tiny ray of light, and I went down a little way and peeped in the dining-room. Then I knew why I had bristled all over my back. There was a man with a dark lantern standing at the sideboard, trying to open the drawer that held grandmother's silver. Oh, dear! it made me sick. I saw a

pistol beside him and I knew what he would do if I made a sound. The policeman on our block had one, and that mad dog is dead yet.

I skipped back up-stairs and down to the kitchen, where I found the window behind the table wide open. I jumped on the table and out of the window. Then I tore around the house and up to the corner, where I saw our policeman. I mean the one for our neighborhood. He knew me at once, and said, "Hello, Bosco, what are you doing out? Mrs. Randolph will have a fit if anything happens to you. Go on home like a good dog."

I started home, but he didn't follow, so I ran back. I was so nervous I was whining, and I caught his trousers and pulled it. He shook me off and said, "Go home, Bosco, I can't play now."

I ran a little way and went back again; this time I caught his sleeve and tried to drag him. He came then and I ran ahead to show him. He followed close and I showed him the window. He motioned to me to be still and we waited in the shadow of the pantry. In a little while we heard a light step in the kitchen and the man flashed his dark lantern out of the window and then dropped to the ground. In a minute the policeman spoke, "Hands up!" and pointed two pistols at the burglar. He made him throw down his own pistol. Then he tied his hands with a clothes-line. He took the silver in one hand and the pistol in the other and we marched the man to the station house.

On the way he met another policeman and made him come back with me to

look after the house. We sat down opposite the window on the grass and waited till morning. It wasn't long, and when Annie came down and saw the window open and the policeman outside she nearly died.

The officer told her to ask Mrs. Randolph to come down, and she and the pup came. The policeman came in the parlor and told her all about it, and the white woman grabbed the pup and said, "My precious baby, suppose they had got you?" And the pup began to cry and said, "Oh, muzzer, he might have killed *you!*"

And then Annie came in and they told her all about it and she sat down in the parlor and took the white woman and the pup both in her lap and said, "Lord, Lord! What would Mr. Sam have did to

me if I had er let anything happen to you po' little chilluns!"

They all cried and talked at once, and then the white woman caught me in her arms and called me a wonderful dog, and said they all owed their lives to me, and I licked everybody. The policeman coughed to let them know he was still there and the white woman jumped up and spilled me and the pup on the floor. She went and got five dollars and gave it to him (though how she could, with the bills so bad we could not look the postman in the face) and said Mr. Randolph would thank him personally.

Then they all sat down again and talked. I had never seen Annie sitting in the parlor before, but no one seemed to mind. The white woman told what she

would have done if she had come downstairs and found the burglar. Annie said she would have got the ax and split him from his head to his feet. The pup said she would have thrown red pepper in his eyes and made him so blind that he couldn't see the silver. The black woman said there wasn't any red pepper in the house. This seemed to make the pup mad, and she asked if the black woman had an ax. Annie got up and said she "never had had no use for sassy chillen," and went back to the kitchen.

The white woman laughed and took me on her lap and said I hadn't done any talking and that I was the only one who had done anything. Then they talked a long time about how noble I was, and how brave I was, and how good blood would always tell in man or dog. I felt so brave

and noble I could hardly stand it, and when the dog across the street barked for me to come and play I went out and fought him horribly, just to show how blood would always tell. Afterward, when the white woman set my sprained shoulder and tied up my ear, she said he was a horrid beast, and that I could have whipped him if I hadn't been tired from staying up all night protecting the family. I don't think I could have, but any way, I like the white woman.

V

MAN PROPOSES, BUT—

THE pup and I knew it before any one else: it was our first secret with any one beside ourselves, and we were so excited we could hardly stand it. A secret is perfectly lovely: one person knows it, and then she tells her best friend and that friend tells her friend. I don't know whether it goes any further, because there were only three of us at home.

The white woman and the shiny man had taken a vacation. I don't know what that is, but they took it away in the cars and none of us got so much as a taste. We

had never been left before, and tried hard to be lonely but couldn't manage it. My! there are so many nice things you can do when your dear ones are absent.

The white woman never let us sit up even to dinner, except once a week, but bless you, the very first night, we both sat in Annie's lap until ten o'clock. We did go to sleep and she had to carry us up to bed, but she didn't care. After she got us tucked in she kissed the pup on the cheek and stood there with a candle in her hand and smiled at us quite sweetly.

In the morning we didn't stop to dress, but just ran down in our nightie and bare toes, and had hot waffles and sausage and coffee with Annie in the kitchen. I tell you that was life! No foolishness about napkins or flowers. Just heaps of everything and right off the stove. I didn't

have to lie on a rug and wait till all the choice bits were gone, as I do when *they* are at home. No, sir, I sat on a chair between Annie and the pup, and they both fed me right along. I consider Annie a real home maker.

After breakfast the pup wanted Annie to dress her, and that took so long, with tickles and spanks, and a little getting mad, that we decided to leave the dishes till lunch, and we all went out under the trees and played checkers. Annie beat at first, but this hurt the pup's feelings so that Annie lost all the other games.

We didn't bother with the beds after the first day, just aired them till we were ready to get in. It was much simpler and gave Annie more time for us. How we did eat, all day long, whenever we liked, till the pup got quite cross, and I was sick

right in the parlor. Annie was mad and said she never would feed me another scrap, but the pup told her she thought it was because I had been swinging. I had, but that was the day before.

When the first letter from the white woman came, we spread it out on the table and the pup read it aloud, all but the longest words, those she skipped. It said they were having a nice time, and missed us very much, and that we must all be good. At the very last there were a lot of large round kisses. It was getting dark and the air felt lonesome, and when the pup saw those kisses, she looked at Annie, and her lips began to tremble, and Annie put down the rolling-pin right quick, and gathered us both in her lap and said that if the pup would be a good girl and not cry, she had something to tell her. Of

course that helped, and when she opened a baking-powder box and gave us each a nickel, we cheered up at once. The pup had to keep mine, for I haven't a pocket, but I knew that a nickel meant a trip to the store, and that was enough for me.

After supper we both went back into Annie's lap and the pup patted her cheek and said:

"Now for the secret. Does any one else know but you?"

"No, honey, nobody that counts. Jest me and a sprig of a yaller nigger that I'm goin' to mahry."

"Oh, Annie! then you'll go away, and I won't know what to do."

"Why, yes, you will, honey chile, you'll come to see me every day and tell me all about the triflin' nigger what tries to take my place."

"Well, that would be nice, but I'd rather you stayed with us till I am married myself, and then go to live with me and nurse all my babies. I'm going to have fifteen."

"Is you? Well, whenever you does Annie'll come right off and take keer of 'em all."

"What is he like, Annie? Does he ever come to see you?"

"Of co'se he do. Why, he comes two or three times er week, reg'lar."

"I'd like to see him."

"You shall, honey, you surely shall, just as soon as he's got a little mo' used to de place."

"Annie, will you wear a white dress with a long train?"

"Yes; and low in de neck, and no sleeves, only white gloves and shoes. I

'spec I'll have to git a pair of white coffins to fit, but I'm goin' to be a bang-up bride, don't you make no mistake."

"And orange blossoms. You must have them, too."

"Well, you see, baby, hits like dis: I done been mahried before, and so I thought I wouldn't wear de blooms agin. I'm jest goin' to git some of them little teeny oranges like comes at Christmas and string 'em together to put round my hair. I ain't pretendin' but that I done blossom some time ago."

"Wouldn't the juice run down your face?"

"Well, hit might, but I could make the holes for de strings a week befo' and let 'em dry."

"It won't be like any other wedding, will it?"

"I hopes not. If I don't do somethin' different soon, I'm goin' wild. Year in and out I gits up and does my work, then I puts on a black dress and sits in de kitchen. Sundays I goes to church, and nex' week I does hit all over, till I am jist plum' wore out with de sameness of things."

"Will you let me come?"

"Let you come? Why, Lord bless you, you's goin' to be de bridesmaid. You and Bosco; de onliest ones I'll have."

"Oh!" We sat up very close, while Annie hugged us both and then got two pieces of peppermint out of her pocket. I don't see how we can spare her. I really don't.

"Maybe you's seen Mr. Jefferson. He works at de Blakes."

"Is he the butler?"

"Well, yes; he buttles when he ain't keerin' for de hoss."

"Why, Annie, isn't he younger than you?"

"No, lovey, don't you ever say such a thing to a lady what wants to mahry. Hit's hard work without beginning to talk about age. Any lady is younger than any man she has done sot her eye on. She's obleeged to be. I tell you mahriage is de occupation of de able-bodied young folks —*coorse* I ain't older. Den, too, I has three hundred dollars in de bank. Dat helps keep me from bein' old."

"You are very rich, aren't you?"

"Well, not exactly rich, but powerful interestin' to a yaller nigger dat wants to start a barber shop."

"With your money?"

"He thinks so, he suttinly do, but after

de ceremony is over, he's goin' to find hisself barkin' up de wrong stump."

"Won't he be awful mad?"

"Well, maybe, but I ain't skeered none, so long as I has dis." She pulled up her dress and showed us a long thing under her stocking. I didn't know what it was, but it felt like when the shiny man's face was all soapy and he kicked me for bumping into him.

The pup's eyes were very big as she looked at it. "You wouldn't really use it?"

"Maybe not, but how's he goin' to know?"

"It isn't nice for him to want your money. I wouldn't do it."

"I wouldn't, neither, ef I was sure I could find one what didn't, but mens is all very much alike. If dey wifes has a little roll put away dey's mostly snoopin'

roun' for a chanct to get dey teeth in it. I guess he ain't so different fum de others, after all."

"Do you think Bosco will behave?"

"Dat's what I been studyin' about. We jist got to train him, dat's all dey is to it."

This made me sick and I jumped down at once. Whenever people begin to talk about training, you can just bet there is something mighty unpleasant in store for somebody, and it is always me.

Annie looked in the drawer where the knives stay and got out a comb, over which she put a piece of paper. Then she made the pup and me go to the other end of the room. She began to blow on the paper and the pup said, "Come on, Bosco," and started to walk down the kitchen. Gracious me, did you ever hear anything like that sound? It tore my very soul out;

it made me perfectly wild. Really, you can't imagine anything so awful. I felt like my backbone was cross-eyed, and all my teeth upside down. No dog could have stood it. I sat down and howled. The pup kicked me a little and said I never did anything right, but Annie said: "No, honey, you mustn't be rough with him. Mens all needs encouragement when hit comes to weddin's. You got to lead 'em, 'cause they jest won't be drove."

She sat down by me and smoothed my hair, and said if I'd come on and march she'd give me another candy. The pup said, "How about me?" but Annie laughed and answered, "You don't need none, gals is in trainin' when dey's bawn."

We all sat around a while and then the pup wondered if a piano wouldn't be a good thing, but Annie couldn't play it,

so the pup said she could play *Onward, Christian Soldiers.*

"All right, that'll do fine, and if Bosco gits to like hit we'll have hit instid of the regular march. I ain't caring which chune we uses."

Well, the piano started, very slowly, and Annie and I began to march. I did try. I tried till I nearly lost my mind, but it was no use. That music got under my hide and made me creep all over, and then the idea of marching, too. We got across once and started back, but I'd had enough. Down I sat and gave one howl after another. I knew then why the shiny man always gets mad when the white woman teases him about being scared at his own wedding. I knew why all men hate big weddings, it's because they are afraid they'll sit down and howl. They gave it

up after that and we went to bed, because Mr. Jefferson was coming. I didn't stay in bed after the pup went to sleep. You see when the family are at home I don't stay in the beds at all, but of course now it's much nicer.

I went down-stairs and around to the back door where I found a straw hat and a pair of gloves, which I took. I didn't have any gloves up in my playhouse and these were a great help: they were so individual. The other things I have put away have all come from the neighbors, who bathe entirely too much. Now after I carried Mr. Jefferson's gloves up-stairs I felt that our views about washing would agree perfectly. When he went home I was back in bed, and Annie thought he must be mistaken about wearing them.

When the shiny man and the white

woman came back, the house and the pup and I were all so clean they said they would go often. They had to be told about the wedding and Annie said if anybody laughed there was going to be trouble. She told the white woman, who held her hand in both of hers, and said she hoped it would turn out beautifully, and then Annie began to cry, and she hugged the white woman and they both cried, and I went in to see if the shiny man would cry, too. He was lying on the couch, and the white woman stood by him.

"Sam, I've something to tell you, and you must be serious."

He began to grin at once. "Go on, never more serious in my life."

"Annie is going to be married."

"Great Scott, you don't mean it! That is serious. Can't you talk her out of it?"

"No, I shan't try. It is to be a very elaborate affair with Pinklinkus and Bosco as bridesmaids. Now, Sam, stop. Remember we want the Culvers to dinner to-morrow night, and you know how it will be if you make her mad. Don't, Sam. Try to have a little self-control."

He rolled over and over with a sofa pillow in his mouth and the white woman seemed to get madder every minute. After a while he sat up with the tears running down his face.

"Lacy, she's too old."

"She isn't much older than you are, and if I died you'd marry so quick the invitations would have to be sent out on mourning paper."

"Why are *we* stung? I think I'd make a charming page. You could be matron of honor. Who's the lucky man?"

"That Jefferson who works across the street. He is younger than she, and I'm afraid is after her savings, but I can't say anything."

"Oh, I don't know; sometimes those are the happiest marriages. I have never rubbed it in that you were older than I."

"Nonsense, Sam, you know I'm not. Don't be a Jack, go on out and congratulate her, and for the love of Heaven remember the dinner to-morrow night."

Whenever the white woman was out Annie and the pup would drop everything else and train me till I grew to hate, positively to hate, to have her leave home. Sometimes, when I felt especially calm, I could do it well, but just let a cat look in the window or a tramp come in the yard, and my whole nervous system would go to pieces.

Annie didn't seem in any hurry to set the day or buy her clothes, and when the white woman asked her why she waited she said she "wanted to git Mr. Jefferson a little more used to the place."

He came a great deal, and when he sat by the stove with his arm around Annie's waist and told her just how he was going to spend every cent of her money, it was a really beautiful sight.

One night Annie thought she would make a few plans, so she told him about the wedding she meant to have; all about the long white dress and the gloves and the little oranges in her hair. He seemed to like it as much as she and said he believed they would make the handsomest couple that ever went in the church. Annie giggled quite coyly.

"Go long, nigger, handsome is as hand-

some does. You ain't heard de best yit. I's goin' to have a couple of bridesmaids that'll make you bust with pride."

"Who is dey? Dey'll have to be monstrous fine to beat de bride."

Annie smiled till you could see where her hair parted through the top of her mouth.

"Oh, Mr. Jefferson, you surely is a flattersome gent. Dey's Miss Letitia, de little gal, you has saw her, and de puppy."

Mr. Jefferson looked like he'd treed the wrong kind of a cat.

"You don't mean dat white dog what done et up my new gloves?"

"He ain't et up nothin'. You lef' dem gloves whar you was callin' on some other lady."

"No, I ain't. He et 'em all right. I ain't live across de street without knowing

him for a thief. He got 'em, don't you forgit it. He got 'em."

"Well, I never seen him, an' any way dat hasn't no bearin's on de weddin'."

"I hasn't no objections to de young lady. She is a nice behaved chile, and her maw done riz her right, but de dog don't make no impression on my mind at all."

"He's goin' to be in de percession jist de same."

"He ain't human."

"Who say he is? All I got to say is he's a gentleman, human or no human, and dat's somethin'."

She gave Mr. Jefferson an awful look, and he didn't seem to like it at all.

"Mrs. Breckenridge, is you castin' any reflections on my bein' a gentleman?"

"I ain't castin' nothin', no matter how I may feel. If de cap fits—help yo'se'f."

For a while they didn't talk, and then Mr. Jefferson went home. Annie didn't say good night, and I hoped he wouldn't come any more. But he did the very next night. I wasn't in the kitchen, because all the doors were closed, but we could hear them quarrelling terribly. The white woman didn't like it, and asked the shiny man if he couldn't do something to stop them.

"Not a thing, Lacy, let 'em rip, the more they quarrel the more do I hope they'll end by not marrying at all."

We were all scared at the mad voices, and when Mr. Jefferson swore, she said:

"But, Sam, this is disgraceful."

"Not nearly so disgraceful as the food I'll have to eat if she goes. Don't interrupt under any circumstances. I believe in letting true love run its course."

The wind blew the butler's pantry door open a crack, and I went to peep. What do you think? Mr. Jefferson was shaking his fist in Annie's face. I must have made a noise, for he turned to look at me, and in a minute Annie whipped that hard thing out of her stocking. She gave it a shake and it turned into a keen sharp thing like the shiny man scratches his face with on Sunday mornings. She humped up her shoulders and started toward him on her toes. Her eyes looked like the ferret who cleared the rats out of the Blakes' stable. Mr. Jefferson had seen that ferret and when he turned and saw Annie, he never even waited to say he'd had a pleasant time. He went through the door so quick he took part of it along.

The next day the pup came down and asked Annie when the wedding was to be,

"Why, honey, ain't I done tole you I changed my mind?"

"Isn't there to be a wedding after all?" The pup looked like she was going to cry, so Annie stopped her work to explain.

"Don't you feel bad, lovey, hit jist nachelly wasn't to be. Some things is sent as a warnin' and when a lady is obleeged to draw a razor before she's even mahried, hit's as plain as de writin' on de wall."

We stood very still. I was greatly relieved, but the pup kicked the table leg and looked cross. Annie went on:

"Dey ain't goin' to be no weddin', but de circus is comin' nex' week, and you and me and Bosco is all goin'. Anybody what has experienced mahriage and lived through it, knows dat a three-ringed circus is more restfuller and don't last near so long."

VI

THE POUND FOR YOURS

I AM really afraid we will have to let the pup go. She used to be one of the pleasantest girls I ever saw, just the right companion for a lively dog like me, but since she has got her hair tied up at the back of her head, and let her dresses half-way down her legs, she is hardly any good at all.

She always had such long legs and could run so fast, I really had delightful times with her. Of course, if she got ahead, I would take little nips at her stockings. They did tear, but we didn't care.

We would run around to the kitchen and get Annie to mend them. The pup would sit on the table and wiggle her bare feet and I would try to bite them, and Annie would put on her glasses and mend the tear, and we would all be as pleasant as any one could wish. When the stocking was mended we would sit very still while Annie put it on for us. Then we would say, "Thank you, Annie," and look at the cake box, but Annie would put up her glasses and look like we had gone, and we would feel very lonely. Then she would look around and say, "My greshus, ain't you varmints gone yet? What is you settin' around heah for? Ain't I done stop my work and mended your clothes so your ma won't ketch yer, and heah yer is lookin' lak a pair of sick cats. Go on, I ain't got no time to bother no more. Go

on, I say, 'fore I takes a wet mop to yer bofe."

"Well, Annie," the pup would say. "it is so long till lunch, and—if there was any cake."

"No, sirree, I ain't goin' to give nobody no cake, and have Miss Lacy sayin' I's teachin' you to 'ceive yer ma. You always so smart about tellin' everythin', you kin jist go hongry."

"But, Annie, I won't tell again, ever. I really won't. I wouldn't have before if Bosco hadn't gone and got sick, but I won't again, really."

"I don't want no chile tellin' tales on me. You just git on outdoors and let me be."

The pup would slide off the table and pick up her sunbonnet, and I would drop my tail and we would walk slowly toward

the door. The nearer the door we got the slower we would walk. Annie would keep saying, "Go on, go on, I ain't got no use for tattle-tale chillun. Go on, go on, go on."

Just as we would start out of the door, Annie would say, "Lord, honey, you knows Annie ain't goin' to let her po' baby stay hongry; jist help yo'self, and nobody can't say I give it to you."

That was the best time of all. We would each take a large slice and eat it down quick, and then take another and go outdoors, and if I finished first I nearly always helped the pup with hers, and we were quite happy and thoroughly congenial. But then all in a minute she started to the high school, and I might as well go away for good. Nobody loves me, and I get scolded all the time. She used to

wear her hair in a long tail down her back, and when she sat on a bench I would catch her braid in my teeth and pull and she would wiggle her head and I would growl terribly, and it was all just as it should be. And then one morning she came down with it all tied up at the back and she was so busy looking at herself in the sideboard she forgot to speak to me at all. I felt very lonely and sat by her chair and licked her hand, but she washed it in a finger-bowl and went on looking in the glass.

That was bad enough, but when she ran to meet some girls, I ran, too, and she got ahead and I only took one little bite, but she kicked me and said, "Bosco, you horrid dog, you have torn my stocking."

I was so surprised I sat down hard. What were stockings good for if you couldn't tear them?

One of the girls said, "Oh, my dear, how do you ever stand that dog? The tear doesn't show anyway, so come on. I have a most golumptious trade-last for you anyway."

They went off arm in arm, and I sat down to think. If your chum was going to become choice of her hair and her legs both, what was the use of living at all? I haven't ever been cross with the pup. I've let her share her cake with me, and slept on her bed and gone to parties with her, and chewed up all her playthings in the most friendly way, and now just as we're growing so congenial, she begins to act like a perfect stranger. When the dog next door crawled back in the cellar and snarled at every one who came near, they sent for the dog warden. He came with a collar and chain and put it on Tige, and

when he snarled, the warden beat him with a whip and said, "Down, you beast. It's the pound for yours."

Of course I still love the pup, even if she is so mean, but if she kicks me again, I shall certainly have a few words with the dog warden, and then we'll see who is going to snarl at the best friend they have in the world. I just wonder how long she would keep her hair tied up if the chain and collar were on her. She had better look out, that's all I have to say. I wonder if a trade-last is anything to eat, and if it is, will she save me a piece. I bet they gobble the last crumb. I don't think I like being a dog. I really don't.

I felt very mad and indignant for a while, but I knew the pup would be gone till one o'clock, so I cheered up and took a little walk. The people in the third

house had been making jelly and there was a large tray full of glasses on the back porch. It is surprising how soon you get enough jelly. Why, after the third glass, I seemed to lose all interest. It surprised me so I sat down on the edge of the tray to think, when the whole thing flew up behind me and I had to run for my life; as it was I got very sticky, and you ought to have seen that porch. I ran off to a lovely mud hole, near a leaky pipe, and got all the jelly off, but I must say I was very far from a pure white dog when I came out.

I really didn't know what to do. Of course, in the good old days the pup wouldn't have minded a little mud, but with tucked up hair and trade-lasts going on all the time, I felt sure she wouldn't care for the way I looked. Wasn't it fortunate that the Johnstones should have se-

lected that particular day to bleach their linen sheets? It hardly took any time, and only two sheets to get me quite clean.

When the pup came down, I was hanging around the gate. I didn't go to meet her, but I felt willing to forgive if she was nice, so I sat quite still and let her come up. She looked a little surprised and then said, "Hello, pout cat, are you still mad?" I looked very dignified, but she laughed and said, "Huh, I can beat you to the house."

Of course, when an old friend wants to make up and starts to turn at once, no dog with any sense would stay mad, so I lit out after her, as hard as I could pelt up the walk, around the yard, through the cellar, where we broke a clothes-horse, and out again to the front porch, where we both stopped for breath. One of her braids

came down and I grabbed it and pulled and growled, and she jerked her head and I quite forgave her for thinking she was so old.

Annie came to the door in a gingham apron and said, "Why, baby, is you done came home?" Some girls were passing and heard her, and they poked one another and giggled. The pup got quite red and went inside and slammed the door.

"Annie," she snapped, "why do you come to the door like that? You have got to stop calling me baby. All the girls at school will be laughing at me. I am the only girl of my age whose cook doesn't call her Miss. You mortify me to death."

Annie shook herself so I thought the house would fall, and flounced back to the kitchen. The pup fixed her hair and started to the piano, when she caught her

new blue dress on the table drawer and tore a long hole, right in the side. We sat very still and looked at it. Then she shut the drawer and sat down again. Only that morning the white woman had said, "Letitia" (she never calls her Letitia, except when she's bad; when she is good, her mother calls her Pinklinkus, and the shiny man calls her sweetheart), but that time she said "Letitia, if you tear any more of your clothes this week, you shan't go *one* step to Bobby Baker's party on Saturday night. If you are big enough to go to parties, you are big enough to take care of your things, and I mean just that."

She went off like she was mad and the pup stuck her tongue out, but maybe she was hot; I always do when I am. Here it was only one o'clock and a huge tear in the new blue dress. Of course, there was

Annie, but the way she was tearing around the kitchen made our blood run cold. For myself, I am glad I wasn't asked to the party, because I am not fond of Bobby Baker. The things he said (under his breath) when I chewed the bow off his patent leather pumps, persuaded me that he wasn't a fit companion for any young girl. But the pup must like him because she always begins to fix her belt and hair as soon as she sees him, and when he comes home from school with her, she looks like she had caught fire in the face.

After a while I got up in her lap and licked her. She deserved to be punished, but I did feel sorry for her. She put her head on the table and began to cry. I couldn't stand that, so I ran out in the kitchen to tell Annie. She stopped me with a dish towel and said, "Git out er my

kitchen, yer pisen pup. Yer'll want me to call yer mister in about a minute."

I dislike wet towels, but I wanted Annie to come, so I ran to her, and then started back, but she turned her back and began talking about torndown limbs of gals what she had helped to raise. I ran around in front of her and looked at her very hard, then went toward the sitting-room. She dropped her rolling-pin and said, "Oh, my Lord, is my baby hurt?" We went in together and the poor pup was crying like her heart would break. Annie grabbed her up and sat down and took her in her lap. I got up, too, but Annie's lap isn't what it was, and I fell off the edge.

She hugged the pup and said she mustn't cry, that she wasn't mad, and then the pup showed her the tear, and said,

"Oh, Annie, mother said if I tore another thing, I couldn't go a step to Bobby's party, but, Annie, I want to go and look what that drawer has done."

Annie looked at the tear and asked who left the drawer open, and that pup said, "Well, I was in such a hurry, I forgot."

"Yo' maw ain't goin' to fergit what she said about dat pahty."

"Oh, Annie, I know it. Could you mend it? I'll wash the dishes if you will."

"How's I goin' ter mend clothes for anybody what wants to be called Miss?"

"If you'll mend it, you can call me tom cat." The pup sat up and laughed right in her face, and after that we just had to get the needle and thread.

When dinner was over, the pup sat down, with a book, and I got up in the shiny man's lap, and the white woman got

some fancy work, and I thought it a very pleasant arrangement. But the pup laughed real loud, just like she had heard a joke and the shiny man looked surprised.

"Are you studying your lessons, Letitia?" (That was silly, too, when you think of it, because I never heard of a person laughing over a lesson.) The pup didn't look up, just answered:

"No, I get them at school."

The shiny man's voice went down deep, like the furnace was out, and he asked:

"How many have you?"

"Five."

"And how many study periods?"

"Well, you see father—"

"No, I don't see at all. How many study periods?"

"Three!" She didn't sound like a sweetheart or a Pinklinkus, either one.

"Does that give you time to prepare all five lessons?"

"Well, father, we aren't always called on, and I haven't missed once since Monday."

"This is Wednesday. I think, daughter, you had better postpone your reading, and go to your room and study."

"Oh, father, I am so interested in this book, and I have to give it back to Emma to-morrow because she borrowed it from Lois and Lois got it from Amelia."

"I can't help that, Letitia, you must obey at once."

"But, father—"

"Letitia, do as I *say."* My! he rumbled so, I got down. I felt quite nervous and went over and licked her hand. I never had heard her called Letitia twice in one evening. She looked very cross

and threw the book on the table. The shiny man looked over his glasses and cleared his throat.

"Pick that book up and leave the room."

There is one thing about the shiny man. He never leaves you in doubt about what he means. Of course, he is big, but that isn't it. If you want to do something bad and want to till you can't be still, just stop and think about the shiny man when he clears his throat and it will be a great help in a time of temptation.

We went up-stairs and sat on the bed. The pup got the algebra and a pencil and began to read, "Let *x* equal the number of apples and *y* equal the number of peaches."

"Well, who cares what they equal?" She read it again and put it down on paper. Then she chewed the pencil. After

that she looked at me and laughed a little bit, and I cuddled closer, and she turned the paper over and wrote Bobby Baker and under it Letitia Randolph. Then she crossed a lot of letters out, and said, "friendship, love, indifference, hate." She turned quite red and said:

"Well, I don't care, but he certainly don't act that way."

Next time she said the same things over her own name and it came out "love." She turned redder than ever and said, "I do not!"

Just then the shiny man came up-stairs and we began to study very hard. He came in and said:

"Well, darling, how are you getting on?"

"Oh, father, not at all, do help with this beastly algebra."

"I certainly will. Why I was the original prize package in algebra when I was a boy."

"Were you, father? Uncle Will says you were awfully dull at school."

"Not at all, your Uncle Will was jealous. I was a bright, studious boy."

He drew a chair up to the desk and we both got in his lap. He put down the figures and we were watching with our noses very close to the paper, when what do you think, he let his knees down, and we slid to the floor. Of course, he laughed, "Haw, haw, haw," and we got up again, and the pup said:

"Now, father, you aren't a bit of help. I don't believe you can do algebra, or you would not be so funny."

He said:

"Huh, you just watch me. Why,

daughter, I am a ring-tailed wonder at figures."

"But Uncle Matt says—"

"Don't tell me anything about Matt. He was the worst boy you ever saw."

The pup sighed and cuddled up to her father and said:

"Well, now if *x* equals the amount of apples—"

"Oh, daughter, let's bake them and have them for breakfast with whipped cream, and you can have two and your mother can have one, because she is living a life of idleness while we work, and I'll have three, because I am the only mathematician in the family, and Bosco can lick all the dishes—"

"Yes, yes, and *y* equals the amount of peaches, and we'll preserve them, and put them in jars. I will have three, because I

am the only child, and mother can have two, because she is the—"

The white woman came to the door and said:

"Who's abusing mother?" We all looked around and she had a glass of water, which she held above the shiny man's head.

"Sam, were you ever baptized?"

He said he didn't know, and she sprinkled a little on his head. He let his knees go and we tumbled down in a heap. He jumped up and caught the white woman around the middle and backed her against the wall.

"Now, Mrs. Preacher, you just ask my pardon for getting my lovely hair wet, or I'll kiss you, and Letitia will kiss you and Annie, if she doesn't mind, and Bosco will lick it all off."

He was so pleased, he winked at us, and she threw the whole glass right over him.

He turned around quick like somebody was going to get slapped, but the white woman made a face, and then he began to laugh.

It was all lovely, every one was in a good humor, the lessons quite forgotten, and Annie came in with a tray.

"You all seems so gay, I guess you must be hongry, so I done fetched some little sandwiches." The shiny man caught the plate, and said:

"Annie, my own true love, you know my every thought."

The pup made Annie sit down, so she could sit in her lap and we all had sandwiches together. I sat on the shiny man's knee. He had the plate. No one saw—except the pup, and we never tell on each other.

VII

WRITING STORIES

THE bills are very bad. They are every month, but this time they are very bad, indeed. The shiny man clears his throat all the time, and the white woman acts like she had a tin can tied to her—what I mean is that she is as nervous as a hen on a hot griddle.

The day the last one came, she and I went for a long walk. We didn't go until almost time for the shiny man to come home, and we walked and walked till long after dinner-time. When we got back, we looked at the table where Annie always

puts them and it was gone, so we knew he had come. The white woman hummed a little tune, and I stuck my tail up quite stylishly and we went in the sitting-room.

He was sitting in the big chair with his eyes shut and she went over and sat on his knee and said, "Sammy, I am sorry. I never will again."

He put his arm around her and they sat so still I had to bark three times before any one noticed me.

Annie came in and said there wasn't any use in anybody being silly; that she had a lot of money saved up and didn't need her wages at all. The shiny man said that no one should work for him unless she would accept pay.

Of course, I didn't have anything to offer, so I just licked everybody. It made us all feel better, and we went to dinner.

People feel better after eating, and I had several tastes, because I was so sympathetic, but no amount of fried chicken ever paid bills, and the shiny man seemed almost as sad after dinner as he did before.

The white woman acted like she thought the dog-catcher was coming, and I never spent a more uncomfortable evening in my life. There is so little a dog can do, but lick, and sometimes—oh, well, I may have misunderstood.

After a while the white woman brightened up and pushed me out of her lap and said, "Sam, I want to do something worth while. I'd like to amount to something."

The shiny man looked as pleased as Punch.

"Why, Lacy, that's splendid. I have always thought that the practice of such homely virtues as my mother—"

The white woman looked like some one had put vermifuge on her dog-cakes.

"I don't mean that; Annie does everything of that kind. I mean stories."

"Oh! I see you are going to relinquish even the slender hold on truth you have—"

"Now, Sammy, don't be hateful. You know how much imagination I have always had. I could tell the best stories at school, and I can amuse children for hours, just with 'make believe.' Wouldn't it be fine if I could make some money?"

The shiny man looked almost cheerful and I still believe he smiled, but I can't be sure. The pup came in just then and stepped on his sore toe, and no one smiled after that. A sore toe can certainly cause a lot of trouble in a home.

The white woman was so busy writing

stories the next day, she forgot all about lunch, and the pup and I had to go to the store at noon, and that made us so late for school, we just stayed at home and ate good things until we were both quite cross.

When the shiny man came, the writing was done and as soon as dinner was over, we all went in the library to hear it read. The white woman sat by the lamp and read it in a large mad voice, and the shiny man listened with a black frown on his face, and the pup sat on the floor behind her mother and read *Lorna Doone*. I meant to listen, but books have never interested me since—but I think I told you.

When it was over he said it certainly was great and that he was proud of her, but that there were a few corrections he would like to suggest. I could see that she didn't like it, but she said "all right" in

a growlly way, and then he took the story and found something wrong with every line, and when the white woman got so mad she nearly burst, he said:

"But, darling, I am only trying to help you. Of course, in my business, I am more in touch with outside—"

He never finished, because she snatched it all away from him and threw it in the fire.

He grabbed it before it burned much, and asked her pardon and put his arm around her and—but why go on? They make me sick. I could kiss, too, if they didn't always call it licking.

He took it to town and had it typewritten, and then they all read it again and put it in a long envelope. They put stamps inside and stamps outside, and I wasn't allowed to take it to the postman, which

tired me extremely. I am not so playful as I used to be, but there are still some things I like to do, but we live and learn.

Every day we waited for the postman. He brought invitations and a few receipts and lots of advertisements, but not a word from the story.

The shiny man said, "No news is always good news," and the white woman said, "They won't have the face to reject it now —after keeping it a whole month."

I didn't say anything, but I used to walk down street and meet the postman. One day he gave me a long envelope. It smelled very large of tobacco and strangers, but there was a little of the family about it still, and I tore home and gave it to the white woman.

She opened it very slowly and took out the story. I didn't know what was wrong,

but I went right out to the kitchen and got Annie. When we came back, the poor white woman was sitting up very straight and looking so like she didn't care, it made me quite sick.

Annie told her not to mind; that "all writers was po' white trash, and nobody wanted her to write anyway." But she said she did care. That there were plenty of other magazines and that she just bet she did sell it. Just wait and see if she didn't.

Annie and I went in the house a while and when I came out again, she was putting stamps on another long envelope. This time it only stayed away a week and the white woman was so mad, she slapped the pup for saying, "If at first you don't succeed—"

She put on more stamps and sent it

again, and we all quit being funny about the postman.

It was gone two weeks next time, and when it came again the white woman sat down and cried. Annie came and patted her head and said she mustn't demean herself by crying over anything these low-lived people did. She said:

"Lordy, honey, when you has seen as much sorrer as I has you won't cry over no little old story."

"How old are you, Annie?"

"Well, I doesn't exactly know, but I was about fryin' size when I began to nuss Mr. Sam."

"But, Annie, you couldn't have nursed him. Really, he isn't very much younger than you are."

"No, ma'am, I didn't exactly nuss him. He was old enough to run roun' and play.

I jist sorter minded him and kep' him fum sittin' in puddles and eatin' red ants. He was de beatenes' baby for puttin' things in his mouf. He never did appear to have much sense. He'd ketch his hair and mos' pull his head off and yell hissef black in de face cause it huht. Then I'd git him all dressed clean, and wouldn't he run and set down in the fuhst puddle he'd see, and den squall like time cause his dress was dirty.

"I nussed him till he done start to school, den I went in de kitchen and learned to cook. Den I got mahried and raise about a million torn-down niggers. Den Mr. Sam and you mahried and had de baby, and I come along to nuss her and heah I been ever since. I can't never git used to seein' Mr. Sam growed up.

"T'other night when de baby had her

dance, he come out in de kitchen and says, 'Annie, nobody seems to want to dance wid me. I'm a young man, in my prime, but I am a lemon in my own house.'

"Den he walk up to de broom and make a low bow and say 'May I hab de pleasure.' He put his arm around that fool broom and dance and dance. Den he fan it wid a plate and say he only come cause he know she was there. He make monstrous fine love to her, and then he han' me a dollar and say:

" 'Annie, you limb er Satan, if you tell my wife about my new lady friend, I'll bus' you wide open.'

"I take de dollar, but I tell him I done whup him many er time, and I ain't skeered of him none. He say den, if I ain't skeered, I can give him back his dollar, but I tell him he ain't never going to tetch

dat dollar, 'cause I's goin' to spen' it and git me some puffs like Miss Lacy wears on her head.

"He laugh and laugh and 'low as how I can't wear puffs, 'cause he got to boss some of de ladies in his family. Jist den dat pisen Bobby Baker come snoopin' roun' de door and Mr. Sam asked him if he didn't think it wus wrong for ladies to wear false hair. Bobby say he don't keer what dey wear if dey'll jist give him enough to eat. He ain't had but three helps of ice-cream, and he's most starved.

"Mr. Sam gits a quart brick er ice-cream and make a mark down de middle. Den he lay fifty cints on de table, and he and Bobby sets on de gas stove, and he says the first man what reaches de line gits de money. Den he smile sorter smarty, and Lord bless you, dat Bobby had done et up

de cream and de line and grabbed de money and gone back to dancin' 'fore Mr. Sam got his swaller to workin'. He drawed a long bref and say:

" 'Annie, I must be gettin' ole.'

"He ain't old, he ain't old at all, but he plum' forgot to calcilate the hollerness of boys."

The white woman had stopped crying and I had gone to sleep in her lap when Annie went back to the kitchen. We sat still for a while, and then she laughed out loud.

"Bosco, I shall make you into a story. The very thing; you are just what I need."

I licked her all over her face, before she noticed, and we got the pencil and pad, and when the shiny man heard the story, he laughed, "Haw, haw, haw," and took it to the office the very next day.

When it was typewritten, we sent it to Mr. Savus, who runs a lot of magazines, and he bought it right away, and sent the white woman a check for thirty-five dollars, and said he would like anything else she had written.

Well, you never saw such excitement. We telephoned the shiny man, clear in town, and sent Annie around to school, with a note for the pup to come home, and had a bottle of port to celebrate, and the shiny man came home early and said:

"Darling, I am so proud of you," and the pup said he'd better be proud of Bosco, and then we had port for dinner, too.

Afterward he asked her what she wanted to do with it, and she said she wanted to blow it, every cent. He didn't seem to like that and said it would be wiser to keep it, and then if she continued

to sell stories, it would be different. But she couldn't see it all. She said that now she had sold one, the others would sell like hot cakes, and she would begin to save later on, but that they would certainly have one good time on this.

He tried to argue with her, but she sat on his lap and made monkey faces till he laughed, and then, of course, everything was all right.

The next day we—I mean the white woman and the pup and I—all went up to the bank to cash the check. The cashier smiled and said:

"Good morning, Mrs. Randolph—what can I do for you to-day?" Then we showed him the check, and he was perfectly delighted and said he never knew any authoress before, and the pup said it certainly is nice to have an authoress for

a mother, and we all smiled and went out. On the sidewalk we met Mrs. Cardley, who lives near us, and is the nicest person we know. She said it was pleasant to see three such happy faces and then we told her, and she hugged the white woman and said she'd bet on a southern woman every time.

I like Mrs. Cardley, too. She is a fine woman, but I can't see what she wants with Togo. He is a Blenheim Spaniel that looks like some one had kicked him in the mouth, and has the most superior manners for so small a dog. When the white woman was talking, he just sat and turned up his nose till it lifted his hind legs off the ground. I stood it as long as I could and then told him, that except for the friendship between the two families, I would certainly beat the stuffing out of

him. He only leered at me and marched off, like a pincushion with a curly tail. We went to the harness shop and bought me a handsome collar, then we got Annie some new gloves and a white cap, because it was so hard to get her to give up her bandana.

When the shiny man came home they all dressed in their best clothes and went to town to have the one good time. Of course, I didn't go, because somebody had to stay with Annie, but I waked up when they came home, and heard all about it. It was very late, and the pup was so sleepy she went to bed in her shoes, but her mother made her get up and take them off.

They said they had never had so much fun and kept talking about Martin's and taxicabs and the opera till I just made up

my mind that being a dog was mighty poor business.

The pup got waked up, taking off her shoes, so she came and sat on the bed with her mother, who put an arm around her and said:

"Now, Sammy, let's see how much is left," and the shiny man said:

"Left of what?"

"Of the money for the story."

"Oh, yes; well, you gave me thirty-two dollars, and we spent fifteen dollars for opera tickets, and four and a half dollars for dinner beforehand, and five for supper at Sherry's, and the cab cost three, and the violets were six and the candy three, which foots up to exactly thirty-six dollars and fifty cents, not counting tips."

"My goodness," said the white woman,

"I had no idea that having a good time cost so much."

The shiny man looked very straight at her and said:

"Perhaps you now understand why some things have been impossible."

She looked a little sad, when she answered, "Oh, Sam, you know I have never complained."

"But you've thought a lot, you know."

Nobody said a word for a while. The pup and the white woman looked at each other, and I knew what the shiny man wouldn't know till the first of the month —that the two pairs of shoes were charged just until to-morrow and were to be paid for with what was left.

Money must be something like fleas—hard to catch and harder to keep.

VIII

VIRTUE NOT ITS OWN REWARD

I WOULDN'T have a child for worlds; not for all the bones at the butcher's, even if it could be born after worms and distemper. And if I did have any, I would certainly have more than one. A thousand children is better than one. If you had a thousand, some of them would always be at home.

I thought myself a real comfort to the family, so when the pup went off to school, it seemed almost providential that they still had me, but they'd no idea of their blessings and moped and moped till

you'd think they were both living on dog-cakes and being washed every day.

It all came about from my sitting on the white woman's lap. I am not the dog I was, that I know, but I do not look like Annie, and when the shiny man said our figures were identical I had a severe spell of the pouts. Of course, when a dog reaches my age, he expects to get a little larger in the middle, but Annie is a great deal larger and it isn't only in the middle. She looks like she'd been locked in the store-room a week.

As I said, I had the pouts and the white woman called:

"Never mind, Bosco, you always are beautiful to me, and you shall sit on my lap."

I can't jump—I don't try—though I could do it better than Annie if I did, but

I scrambled and she pulled, and finally I got up and began to enjoy myself. The pup was in her father's lap, and everything was really delightful. If no one steps on the shiny man's toe, or asks unpleasant questions about practising, or the bills, ours is one of the pleasantest families I ever saw.

The pup began teasing her father to let her go to a party in Bobby Baker's automobile, and he kept saying that she was too young to go out at night with young men, when the white woman wrinkled up her nose and said:

"Dear me, Sammy, how your ideas for young girls have changed since we left Virginia. Do you remember the night we drove ten miles to that dance at the Custis's and you were so mad because father made my little brother ride in the back of

the buggy? I certainly wish mother could hear you talk to Pinklinkus."

The shiny man looked a little pouty and said:

"Do you want her to be running around at night with every Tom, Dick or Harry who asks her, till her name becomes a by-word?"

"Certainly not. I told her she couldn't go, before you came home—but it isn't so funny in me, because I always thought that way, but you know yourself, Sam, you have changed since you had a daughter of your own, haven't you?"

"Perhaps I have, but she's a darned attractive girl, and I have to look out or some young ape will be wanting to take her away from her poor old dad."

The pup seemed awfully interested and kept cuddling up to her father's cheek and

looking at herself in the glass behind his back and then smiling, for all the world like she had killed a cat. Sometimes the pup disgusts me a very little.

"Mother, did you know father long before you were married?"

"Oh, dear, yes! Why, three years, anyway. You know he was on the way to the University at Charlottesville, when his father brought him to call.

"Oh, Sam, you were such a country-looking boy. Do you remember what long hair you had, and that dreadful suit? I could hardly wait for you to go. I wanted to laugh so badly. You had such beautiful manners and picked up mother's specs so often, she was entranced."

"If you thought me so country, why did you ask us to stay all night, and keep me talking in the grape-arbor till midnight?"

She looked a little taken aback, but answered:

"Well, any southern family would ask travelers to stay all night, and out in the arbor I couldn't see your hair."

The pup kissed the shiny man on the very top and looked at her mother like she was worried.

"You don't mean that father ever had hair? Why, where would I kiss him if he had hair?"

The shiny man threw out his chest till he looked like a prize-winning English bulldog.

"Why, daughter, I was one of the prize beauties of my time, and my hair was the joy of all beholders. Young ladies used to wait on me in committees and ask me what tonic I used. I tell you I was a killer and the girls were all crazy over me."

"Was mother?"

"Well, you see, darling, your mother was something of a killer herself, and, of course, she didn't like my popularity. In fact, she made my life unbearable for three years. Honestly, when I think of the dance that little flibbertigibbet led me, I am amazed at my own forbearance, that I don't rise now and slap her into the middle of next week."

"Oh, nonsense, Sam; I never led you a dance at all. You were a perfect dunce to expect a girl to give you all her time. I had lots of admirers, and you didn't like it, but I did, and that's where all the trouble came."

"Do go on," said the pup—"I never was so interested. To think that you two used to be so much like the young people of to-day. Did you wear hoop skirts and

knee pants and powdered hair? I know you must have been lovely, both of you."

"Merciful Heavens! Letitia, how old do you think we are?"

The shiny man looked like some one had shut a door on his tail.

"You certainly can't study your history very much if you think people dressed like that twenty years ago. Your remarks show ignorance and discourtesy."

The pup seemed quite surprised, but turned to her mother and asked:

"Did you all have many quarrels?"

"Oh, dear, yes! Every time your father came to call."

"And mighty good reason I had to quarrel, too. I'd wire her that I was coming, and after traveling half a day and overcutting till I was on the verge of being expelled, wouldn't I always find a

dozen inane cubs hanging around the parlor, so I never got a word alone? I tell you, daughter, if you had seen the way she treated me—you would certainly have asked me to select some one else for your mother. It was simply shocking. Nobody knows what I might have been if I had had a chance to settle down to my lessons, but I never did. I tell you if the professors knew what they were about they wouldn't ask a chap about geometry and Latin. The examinations would be much simpler. All they need say would be:

"'Young man, are you in love?'

"'I am.'

"'Is she in love with you?'

"'The Lord knows. I am sure I don't. I wish I did.'

"'Go and find out one way or the other before you attempt any serious work.'

"If it was arranged that way there is absolutely no telling to what heights some of us might reach. The boy don't live who can do any good when every time he shuts his eyes, he sees an impudent girl laughing at him, and every time he opens them, the same girl is whisking around the corner with another fellow."

"Why, daddy, dear, why didn't you hunt up some one else? I wouldn't have bothered with her."

"Yes, you would, too. That was the peculiarity about your mother. The meaner she was and the worse she treated me the more I wanted her."

The white woman cuddled her chin on my head and giggled. She sounded so like the pup does when Bobby Baker is saying good-by on the porch, that I began to wonder very hard.

"Bosco, what would you do if any one treated you as Sam says I did him?"

She looked at me and smiled, and that funny wrinkle came across her nose, and I just reached up and licked her on the mouth. I meant it for a kiss, and you ought to have heard the shiny man laugh.

"Haw! haw! haw! Well, by Jove, Bosco, that's exactly what I did, and the only thing any self-respecting man could do."

"Oh, father, did you kiss mother?"

"I certainly did. She had just refused me for the twenty-seventh time, and added insult to injury by laughing because—"

"Because you stood there with your mouth open like a chicken with the pip—"

"Well, anyway, the worm turned. I just grabbed that little bundle of impu-

dence with one arm and took her face in the other hand, and I gave her a kiss for every time she had refused me, and one for the next, which I assured her was the last. Then I looked her square in the eyes and asked her what she was going to answer. You see her a proud and happy woman—so, Bosco, I know exactly how to handle the ladies."

The pup sat up on his knee and her eyes were shining with excitement.

"Did you really kiss her that way when you weren't engaged?"

"I certainly did. It's the only way I ever got engaged at all."

"But, wasn't she insulted? Didn't she slap you or order you out of the house or anything?"

"Not at all. She just came to time like a perfect lady and asked for more."

"Sam, I did not; you ought to be ashamed. I always adored you, but you were made to be tormented. Any girl would have done the same."

The pup sat very still and then the corners of her mouth curled up, and she giggled that funny way she does and said:

"Well, that throws a new light on a lot of things. Why, only last night I nearly slapped Bobby's head off. Gee! I'm glad he didn't hear father just now."

For a minute I could hear myself think, everything was so still, and then the shiny man simply roared—

"Do you mean to tell me—to sit in my presence and tell me in cold blood that that young whelp—that cur, that scoundrel has absolutely dared to try to—why the thing is insupportable. And you actually wanted to go out in his miserable ma-

chine! Lacy, what does this mean? How have you raised your daughter, that she should be dead to all shame, at her tender age?"

The white woman looked like the hen next door, when the rat ate up her eggs.

"Why, Sam, I am as surprised as you are. I never dreamed of such a thing. Letitia has always seemed trustworthy. I can't imagine where she could have got such ideas. I am sure she has had the upbringing of a lady."

She subsided on my head and began to cry.

The pup's voice snapped like the buggy whip.

"I think you both talk like crazy people. I am eighteen, just the age mother was when she was married. Bobby is twenty-one, and I've known him always.

He never has kissed me, because mother taught me that ladies didn't and gentlemen didn't want to. Then you tell me that you both did even before you were engaged. All the girls told me I'd regret it if I told things to my family and I never will again—so there!"

She stormed out of the room and slammed the door and all the way to her room I could hear her crying like her heart would break.

Nobody said a word for a while. The pup was crying like a hard rain, and the shiny man got up and sat down, and got up and said a bad word, and sat down and then said:

"Lacy, for the Lord's sake, go tell her I'm sorry. She mustn't cry like that. I can't stand it. We'll have to send her off to school. Every one does, when they are

cornered, but do go and comfort her. You sit there like a bump on a log and let her make herself sick—can't you do anything?"

"Now, Sam, don't begin on me. I am not to blame because you made an everlasting idiot of yourself. Of course, she ought to go away, and, of course, you had no business to tell her all that rubbish. She can't understand that times have changed."

They looked at each other for one minute, and then he put his arm around her good and tight—in fact I was almost smothered, and put my nose up high to get a little air, just as he went to kiss her —so I got it. A nice warm one right in the mouth. There are times when the shiny man doesn't appeal to me at all. They went up-stairs together, and the pup

fell into her mother's lap, and he cleared his throat and began to talk to her.

I must say he did it very well. Everything seemed to smooth out nicely and then he told her that he and her mother both felt that she ought to go away to school for a year and that when she came home, if she and Bobby still liked each other, he and her mother wouldn't have a word to say.

She sat up with her poor chin trembling and asked:

"Don't you all love me any more, either of you?"

"Why, my precious baby, it's because we love you so much we are trying to be unselfish. You ought to have gone long ago, but we simply couldn't let you leave us, but now we think it best, so please buck up and help us to bear it."

His voice seemed all edges, and he kept clearing his throat and blowing his nose and looking out of the window.

The pup smiled all over—"Oh, well, if you really love me, I don't mind. Mother and grandmother and great-grandmother all went. Can I have lots of new clothes and a fur coat and plumes in my hat?"

"Yes, you can have the shirt off my back if you'll just promise never to cry again."

We were just settling down to a really pleasant evening when Annie came thundering down from the third floor. She looked awfully mad and the whole family seemed a little scared. Annie is a very large woman.

"Now, Mister Sam, I done raise you, and I done raise de baby and I mighty nigh raise her maw, and I ain't never

meddle befo', but I ain't goin' to have her sent to no low-lifed bo'din' school. No, Mr. Sam, I won't have it. I done lef' you once, and disgrace' myself wid de fus' families at home, but I'll do it agin ef you and Miss Lacy tries to take my chile and sen' her among a lot of Nawthen po' white trash."

Annie stamped her foot till the dust flew, and every one seemed to be waiting for the other to speak. Then the pup went over and took Annie's hand.

"Why, Annie, don't you want me to be as much a lady as the rest of the family?"

Annie said: "Huh—!"

"Great-grandmother went to Paris."

"Lord, yes, honey, I done heerd my paw tell how she come back, so sot up, she made him spread carpet for her to walk to de kerridge."

"And then you know grandmother went."

"She shore did. She went to de fewmule cemetry at Staunton. She was kinder onsettled, too, when she cum home—done tole her paw she didn't keer for no middlin' at breakfus' 'cause ladies at bo'din' school didn't never eat nothin' 'cept chicken. Her paw he look at her sort of steady th'o his specks, and he say putty slow, 'Daughter, can I give you some of de middlin'?'

"She look hard at him and say:

" 'Why, yes, father, I will take some.'

"Your granpaw wasn't goin' to start out by puttin' up with sass. He wasn't that kin'—oh, no, not him."

"Well, mother went one year and would have gone longer, except that father was in such a hurry to get married."

"Mr. Sam, he never did appear to have right good sense when he was young."

"But, Annie, you wouldn't want me to be the only one who never went, would you?"

"No, ma'am, I wouldn't. Ain't I been tellin' Miss Lacy and Mr. Sam for two years dat it was a plum' outrage de way dey done let you run wild? Sech things wasn't done in my day. You would have went long ago if dey had of listen' to me, but some folks thinks black folks don't know nothin' these days."

Annie gave us all a terrible look and took a chair. I saw the shiny man wink at the white woman behind Annie's back and pretend to spank some one over his knee. Miss Lacy bit her lips, but looked very solemn.

The pup yawned hard and said:

"Mercy, it's eleven o'clock, and I am almost starved."

She looked very hard at Annie, who got up with a groan and went down-stairs growling about her old bones. She is always talking about her bones. I have looked for them all my life, but never found one.

When she came back, there were lots of good things on the tray and every one got in a good humor at once.

The pup sat on the bed, holding hands with her father and mother both. She was sleepy, but very happy, as she threw me a piece of cake and asked:

"Oh, Bosco, were you ever in disgrace for anything you told on yourself?"

I looked at the pup and blinked very slowly. I thought of a few things in my past and sighed in deep content, knowing

that, like most gentlemen of middle age, my excellent standing at home was largely due to the fact that I had never told.

IX

HOME AGAIN

I DON'T know exactly how old I am, but the pup is nineteen, and when I came she was seven. I remember particularly because I admired the word so much. There was something about it that made me laugh. It always felt like some one was tickling me when I thought of it.

Whenever I was dull, or cut off from the natural recreations of youth—such as rubbers and underwear and hosiery, I would go out in the back yard by myself and play seven. First I'd pretend to lay

it on the ground. Then I'd tiptoe all around, sniffing and acting with great caution, after which I would rush away and around the house, with my tail in and all four feet bunched together. Really I'd go so fast sometimes I'd trip on my shadow and fall sprawling. Then I'd step up to the place where I'd left seven, and growl terribly, and give a great jump and come down on the very spot. I'd make believe that I had it in my teeth, and roll and tumble and worry it terribly.

The dog across the street would come over to enjoy the fun, but he never could see anything in it. For the realities, such as shoes, hats, and old pants, he was a most delightful companion, but for things of the imagination he was absolutely no good. I should say he was lacking in temperament.

It is nearly two years since the pup went away. She wasn't home so very often when you consider the many times she didn't come at all. Of course, every one comes at Thanksgiving and Christmas and Easter. Then she couldn't go to the prom without stopping a day or two each way to be mended first and afterward to talk it over. The time she had a sore lip the school doctor sent her, and it was two weeks before she went back. Then when the shiny man broke his arm, the white woman felt that she couldn't face it alone; and when Annie had pneumonia, the pup came without waiting to get permission from any one.

Some of the neighbors were very rude and seemed to think it all a great farce, which hurt the white woman's feelings very much. She said that every lady

should manage her own family, and that she was sure she never meddled with any one. And Annie told her "not to keer; that you couldn't expec' nothin' else fum po' whites."

When the pup came home for good, we were all terribly excited. We papered her room all new with pink roses on the walls, and had great-grandmother's chest of drawers polished and set up. Then grandmother's mahogany bureau just fitted in the alcove, and several chairs from home came in nicely. There were pink curtains at the windows, and all new silver things on the bureau, and great-great-grandmother's sewing table by the head of the bed.

This bed was the greatest pleasure to me. It was all new and shiny, and tasted exactly like Annie's wedding ring, so it

must have been gold. The day came. The white woman and the shiny man went to town to get her, and Annie and I were to go up to the station at half-past one.

Annie doesn't do all the work any more. She got so large that the white woman said they would have to get a smaller person or enlarge the dining-room. The shiny man said he would pay the wages of an extra maid if the white woman would mention the matter to Annie. She said she didn't mind doing it, but that as he had known her so much longer it would come better from him. He winked a very wicked wink and said he was delighted that she didn't mind, because he did mind very much. In fact, he said he'd rather propose a change of kingdoms to Queen Victoria, so nothing was said till Annie finally scraped a decanter off the side-

board, and after that she suggested it herself.

We got what Annie calls "a torn-down limb of a free nigger" from Richmond and Annie trained her. Personally, I was glad I wasn't a torn-down limb, because Annie fussed all the time, but Ambrosia didn't seem to mind. She always stood up when Annie came in and called her Mis' Breckenridge, and was really a nice girl.

The day the pup came, we got ready early, because Annie said, "You never could trus' these here Nawthen trains, they was so forehanded, you couldn't put no reliance on 'em." She wore her new red dress and her purple hat, with pink roses in it. Her shoes were tan and her stockings open work and white. I tell you she was a fine, noticeable woman.

I was scrubbed till my hide was sore,

and wore a vile floppy blue bow on my collar that made me want to stand on my head, but I didn't. It's a poor dog that won't suffer for those he loves.

The new girl seemed to think we had an hour more time than we needed. She said:

"Why, Lordy, Mis' Breckenridge, hit don't take mo' an' about ten minutes to walk up, and you'll have to set and set till you plum' takes root, if you goes so early."

But Annie said she didn't want no advice from a "free nigger;" that some folks seemed to think she was too old to use a razor, but that she could show them at any time. After that "the limb" had nothing to say, so we started. I held my tail very straight and refused to speak to a single dog I knew. If you can't cut your

friends when you are all dressed up, I'd like to know when you can.

At last they came. The pup was walking between the shiny man and the white woman. She had a big bunch of violets at her belt and looked like the paper on her wall, all pink and fresh. Beside her, the white woman made you think of the pink dress, after it had hung in the sun all afternoon.

Right behind came Bobby Baker, carrying the suit-case and parasol and another box of flowers.

The shiny man wouldn't let her hand go even when she was hugging Annie and me. It was certainly nice to have her home again. She looked so happy I couldn't but think again what a shame it was that she didn't have a tail to wag.

When all the hugging and kissing was

going on Bobby stood around and looked like I feel when every one is eating dinner and I have to wait.

We didn't know how to ride, as there were five of us, and of course we couldn't bear to be separated, so at last Annie took some of the things and the shiny man some more, and the pup and her mother carried the roses and we walked. It was awfully nice. Everybody stopped to talk and tell us how glad they were to see us all so happy.

The shiny man was so proud you'd have thought he'd killed a Great Dane. He told everybody about the pup being in the play, and on the honor roll and making the best fraternity. The poor pup kept getting redder and more upset, and every time she'd say, "Oh, Dad, don't blow so; it makes me so uncomfortable."

He said, "Now, daughter, not another word; I shall use my own discretion."

Then we met some more, and he told it all over and the pup nearly cried. The white woman looked cross, too.

"Oh, Sam, you know it isn't fair to spoil her homecoming this way. You never speak of your own fraternity."

"Nonsense, Lacy, it isn't the same thing at all, and anyway, you ought not to abet Letitia in being impudent to her father."

After that nobody spoke. It was very hot and we were all hungry, and when we got home the whole family were pouting, just as naturally as though no one had been away.

After lunch things were better. The pup nearly had a fit over her room, and she and the white woman were like a pair of buzzing mosquitoes.

The shiny man thought he would stay at home all afternoon, but when he heard that Bobby Baker was coming he looked madder than ever, and went down-town. The pup and her mother sat in a large chair and hugged each other and giggled, and no one took the least notice of me. It was very lonely indeed. I tried to get up, but I'm not the dog I was, and not a soul helped me, so I couldn't make it. I laid my head on the white woman's knee and looked as doleful as I could. She gave me a push.

"Now, Bosco, I can't take you. You weigh a ton, and I am not going to be bull-dozed."

I kept rolling my eyes up and looking very hopeless, and I could see she was geting very uncomfortable. She looked at the pup a little sheepishly and said, "Do

you suppose he is as wretched as he looks?"

"No, Mother, he's only spoiled; let's talk and don't notice him."

This was simply cruel, so I thought of all the sad things I could, even down to being lost and hungry, and I was so miserable I threw myself on the floor and howled long and horribly, like a death in the family.

She couldn't stand it. I knew she couldn't. She said, "Oh, my stars, this is dreadful. Help me, Pinklinkus, to get him up." She looked quite insulted and told me she was only doing it to keep me from spoiling the whole day for every one. I guess I am heavy, but they needn't groan so whenever I sit on them.

Annie came to the door and smiled like an open furnace. "Lord, honey, hit sut-

tinly is fine to have you home again. I's goin' to clean up and answer dat front do' myse'f. I ain't goin' to have no free nigger lettin' in de frien's of my young mistis."

She went up-stairs and the pup asked, "Doesn't Ambrosia open the door? I thought that was what she was here for."

"So did I, but it just depends on the humor Annie is in. Everything in our housekeeping depends on her moods. People are always congratulating me on keeping an old servant. Sometimes it seems to me that the old servant is the one who is keeping me."

We sat and rocked (I feel sure they know that rocking makes me sick) and after a few minutes the white woman began to laugh. "Pinklinkus, the most horrible thing happened a few weeks ago."

"What was it, Mother."

"Why, Bobby's mother came to call."

"Oh, dear, I hope everything was all right. They have the most beautiful home, and the best trained servants you ever saw."

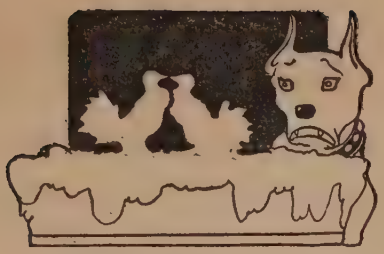
"That makes it all the worse. Annie was in one of her worst tantrums, and wouldn't let Ambrosia do anything, answer the door or wait on the table, so I went up-stairs praying that no one would come, but in a little while that gorgeous limousine came up and the lady Baker arrived. Annie went to the door in a greasy gingham apron and read her card before she showed her in. I went down and tried to act naturally. She seemed to enjoy the visit and I was just bowing her out with my best southern manner when I saw her look amused. I looked around,

and there were Annie and Ambrosia and Annie's nephew (who had on overalls), all standing in the back hall peeping through the crack in the door.

"Really, I nearly fainted. The nephew had come to call, and I guess Annie thought he deserved a treat. I just pulled myself together and bowed her to her car, with all the airs I could assume. They still tell a story that once my grandmother ushered the governor's wife into the hall, where two dogs were fighting and the house boy having an epileptic fit. The old lady made no reference to the incidents, but deftly guided her guest to the door and bowed her out with an air of greatest condescension. I was thankful for the memory. It helped me through a terrible ordeal."

The pup looked mad for a minute and

then laughed a long time. "I don't care. It showed her how the other half live. Anyway, no amount of money can change the fact that we are better born than they are, so Mr. Bobby needn't put on any airs with me."



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THE REAL THING

THE bell rang, and we heard Annie tramp to the door and let in Bobby.

"Well, howdy, Mr. Bobby. Lord, didn't I know you'd be snoopin' roun' heah des as soon as de baby done came home."

The pup and I went down-stairs and found him in the parlor. He had a box of candy and really was a very attractive looking boy.

The minute she got in the door he came toward her, and before you could say Jack

Robinson he had both arms around her and she had her face up under his chin, playing lamb person like a house-a-fire. That was bad enough, but when he called her darling (the shiny man's name for her), and absolutely kissed her, I was so surprised I fell over backward. They never saw me at all. His voice was all catchy and he sounded like he was going to cry, "My darling, my darling, to have you at last. All these two years I have kept my word and never mentioned love to you, but now I think I can never let you go."

Well, I didn't know what to do. I don't like Bobby, and the shiny man hates him, and here he was kissing our only child. I knew what the shiny man would do, so as he wasn't there I attended to it myself. I went around behind Bobby and

took a good luscious bite just below his knee.

For a few minutes I felt like I had tried to take a taste of a whole train of cars. He shook me off and said—well, any way, the shiny man does too, when he's mad, and was going to kick my ribs in (he said so), when the pup spoke:

"Father will not think so well of you if you hurt Bosco."

He put his foot down and glared at us both for a minute.

"Do you actually mean that I must submit to being chewed up by that infernal pup just to keep your father in a good humor?"

"Not at all. Suit yourself. You know how father loves Bosco and how he does not love you. Go on and kick the dog if you want to."

I don't know what he would have said if a lot of girls hadn't come in. While they were there, I lay down in the hall and licked my chops, but as soon as they went away I went back and sat in the middle of the floor with my tongue out. I didn't say anything. Neither did Bobby, but we understood each other.

"When do you think I had better speak to Mr. Randolph?"

The pup looked a little scared, but answered, "Suppose you see him to-night when we come from the theater."

That night, after the young people had gone, the white woman came and sat on a bench in the moonlight beside the shiny man. He took her hand and for a while neither of them spoke. Then she asked:

"Sam, dear, have you forgotten all the

old days in Virginia when we were boy and girl sweethearts?"

"No, Lacy, I haven't, but the cases are quite different. Letitia is just grown, and we want her for ourselves a little while."

"Father felt that way, too, Sam, but we took matters into our own hands, and you know he never forgave us. Sam, if Letitia and you are ever divided as father and I were, it would break my heart. She loves you as I loved father, and Sam, Sam, I am afraid she will end by doing as I did."

"I don't believe it. Why, the idea of Letitia eloping, leaving her good home, to go off with a whipper-snapper like that! The thing is quite absurd."

"She would go to a better one than ours, except for the love we give her."

"I can't believe that my daughter

would ever consider the creature comforts ahead of the principle of the thing. I hate to think of her spending her days among a lot of rich people we know nothing about."

"That viewpoint is of a past generation. You and I were always content to sit in devout contemplation of our pedigree and starve in perfect peace, but Letitia is of a different mold. At home we always looked with suspicion upon any one who paid his bills regularly, but there are plenty of well-born people in the North who have all the money they need, and the Bakers are among them."

"Why couldn't she love a Southerner?"

"That's nonsense. She loves Bobby, and has done so all her life. He's a lovely boy without a bad habit—"

"Well, that's nothing to his credit. I

always suspect a man who has no bad habits."

"If you want to talk like a goose, I'll go inside; but you mark my word, if you keep on your present course, you'll wake up some morning and find them gone."

"Don't, Lacy. I couldn't bear it."

"Yes, you could. Father bore it. And, oh, Sam, if you knew how I have suffered through all these years, thinking of his loneliness after I came away."

"It was his own fault—"

"That is what Letitia will say, but it won't make it any easier for either of you."

"Lacy, Lacy, I love her so. She is like the core of my heart."

"You think you love her, but it isn't the real thing. The real love would put her happiness first. Bobby loves her just as much as you loved me."

"No, Lacy, no man ever did."

"That's sweet of you—" She laid her face against his sleeve. "If you love me, don't blindly wound the thing that is dearest to me. If Letitia were to go away with anger in her heart I couldn't bear it, I really couldn't."

All this time I had kept my eye on the moon. I knew it was waiting for a chance to insult me. The things I have borne from the moon are enough to sour my youthful memories. For years I tried to reach it, but now I have given up. If I can't get the moon, it is a comfort to know that the moon can't get me.

The years make one calmer. There is a puppy down the street who tells me his troubles and asks me to play. Frequently he appears before breakfast with portions of the family underwear, but I never dis-

courage him. I only just smile and think how soon he will cease to be excited even by lingerie of the most personal character.

It grew late and I dozed on the steps when the automobile drove up. Bobby and Letitia ran up the steps, laughing and young and happy.

"Well, Dad, aren't you getting dissipated to sit up so late?"

The shiny man put his arm around her and held out his hand to Bobby.

"If I give her to you, Robert, do you think you'll always be good to her?"

Bobby turned as white as his collar and caught his breath in a gasp.

"Please God, sir, I'll die trying."

The shiny man put the pup's hand in Bobby's and leaned down quick to pat me. I thought it was raining, but I guess I was

mistaken. Bobby put his arm around the white woman and said:

"Mother, do you mind?"

She leaned over me too, and again I felt a drop of rain.

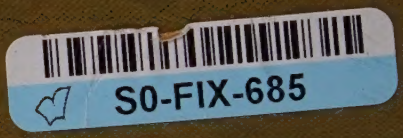
"Mind! Why, child, I am perfectly happy."

Then she smiled a little wobbly smile and said:

"I have always wanted a son, but you must make up with Bosco."

"Yes, siree," the shiny man spoke up. "The most important member of the Randolph household is—the lamb person."

THE END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